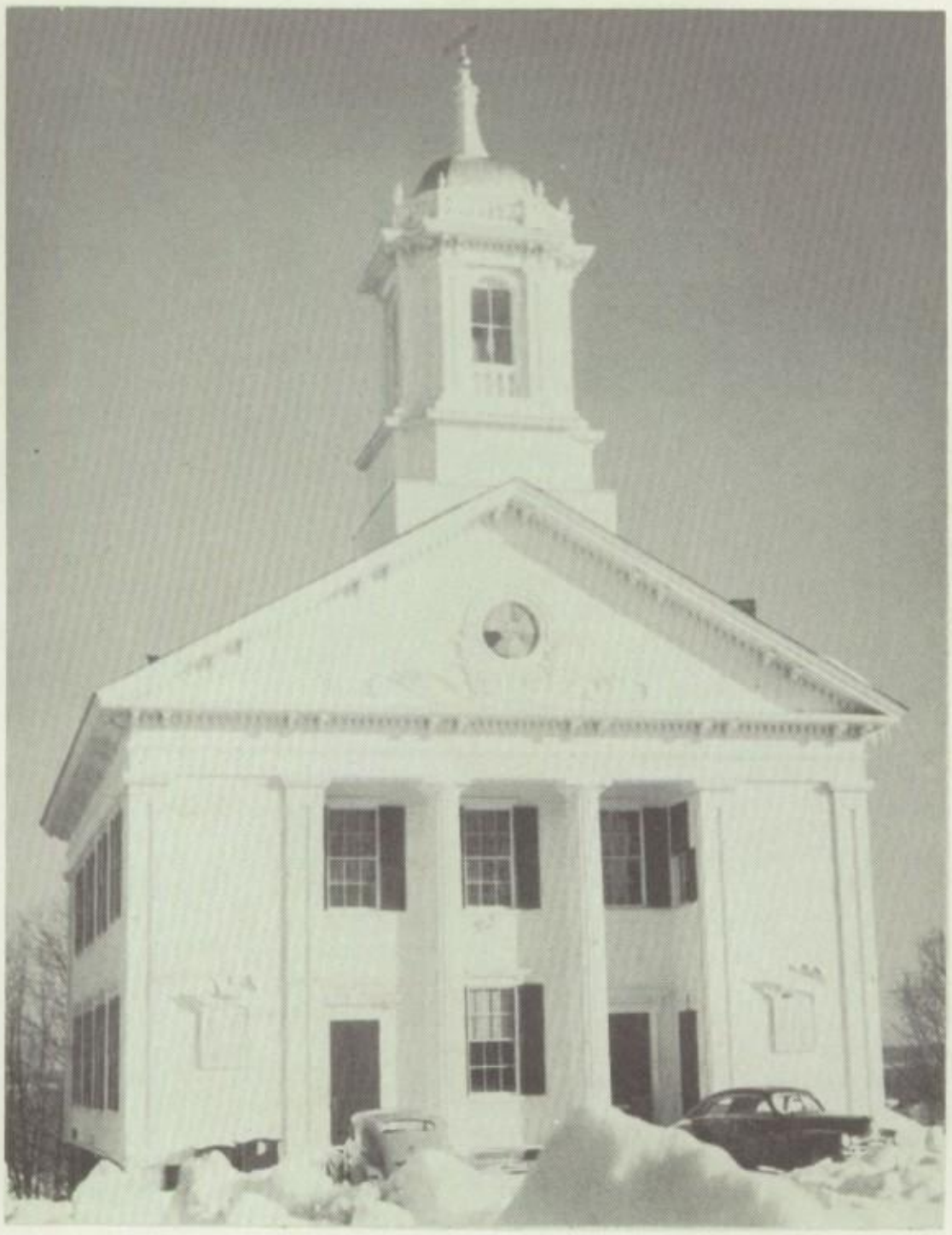
THE HILLTOP - 1957



PETERSHAM TOWN HALL
1850 - 1957

On January 19 the Petersham town hall was destroyed by fire. All of us were saddened by the loss of what was not only one of the town's most beautiful buildings but was also more than any other a building that symbolized the town itself and its fine traditions.

The students and the alumni of P.H.S. will remember the town hall as the setting of many school activities, including plays, dances, class night, baccalaureate, and graduation. In a very real sense the hall was a part of the school. We miss it, and although we await with eagerness that which will arise as the new town hall, we feel that like all lost things it can never be really replaced.

The above photograph was taken by Mr. Freen, of Barre, about three hours before the fire started.

ANNUAL STAFF

Editor.....Patricia Thayer

Business Manager.....Gail Peaslee

Assistant Business Manager.....June Hosley

Sports Reporters.....Alice Dorow
.....William Ruby

Honors Reporter.....Kenneth Lambert

Activities Reporter.....Maureen Baldwin

Alumni Reporter.....Elaine Elliott

Humor Editors.....Sandra Barnes
.....David Buell

Circulation Manager.....June Hosley

Class Reporters:

Senior Class.....Gail Peaslee

Junior Class.....June Hosley

Sophomore Class.....Doris Russell

Freshman Class.....Judith Lambert

Junior High.....Katherine LaPointe

Yearbook Advisor.....Mr. Bagley

Supervisor of Advertising Layouts.....Hermas Swope

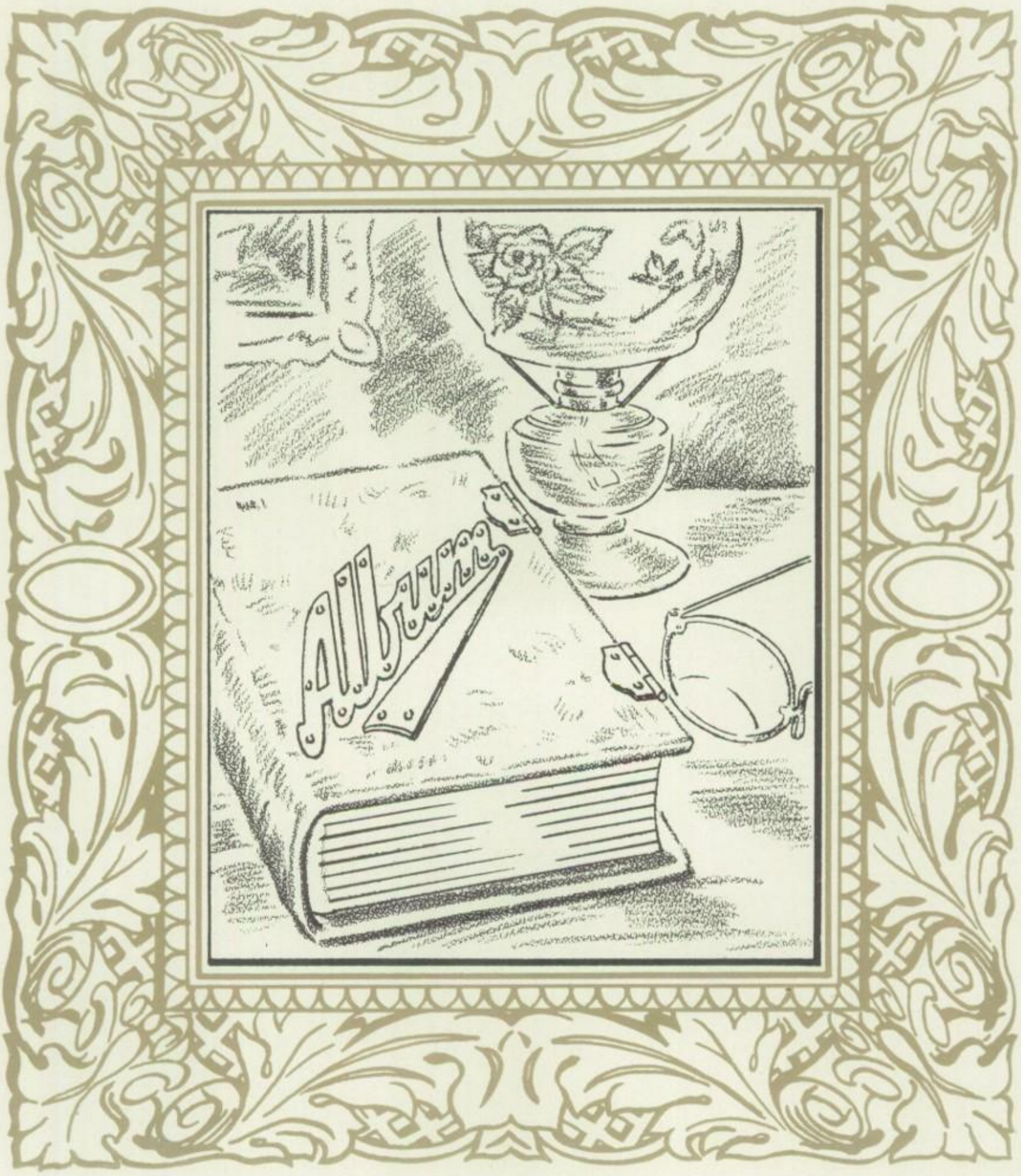
Advertising Layouts.....Gail Peaslee
.....David Buell

Picture Layouts.....Patricia Thayer

Group Pictures.....Mr. Warner

Typists.....Maureen Baldwin
.....Elaine Elliott
.....Gail Peaslee
.....Patricia Thayer

Typing Supervisor.....Mrs. Crowson



DEDICATION

Dedication

THE JUNIOR AND SENIOR CLASSES OF PETERSHAM HIGH SCHOOL WISH TO DEDICATE THIS ISSUE OF THE HILLTOP TO THE REGIONAL SCHOOL COMMITTEE IN RECOGNITION OF THEIR FINE WORK.

THIS COMMITTEE, CONSISTING OF MR. GEORGE KENNEY, MR. PALMER LORD, AND MR. CLINTON SPERRY, SPENT MANY LONG HOURS IN STUDYING THE ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIONAL SCHOOL, TRAVELING MANY MILES VISITING REGIONAL SCHOOLS ALREADY IN OPERATION, AND MEETING WITH OTHER COMMITTEES TO DISCUSS REPRESENTATION AND BUDGETING.

THESE THREE MEN HAVE WORKED TOGETHER DILIGENTLY WITH ONE GOAL IN SIGHT--THE BEST SCHOOL FACILITIES FOR THE CHILDREN OF PETERSHAM.

FOREWORD

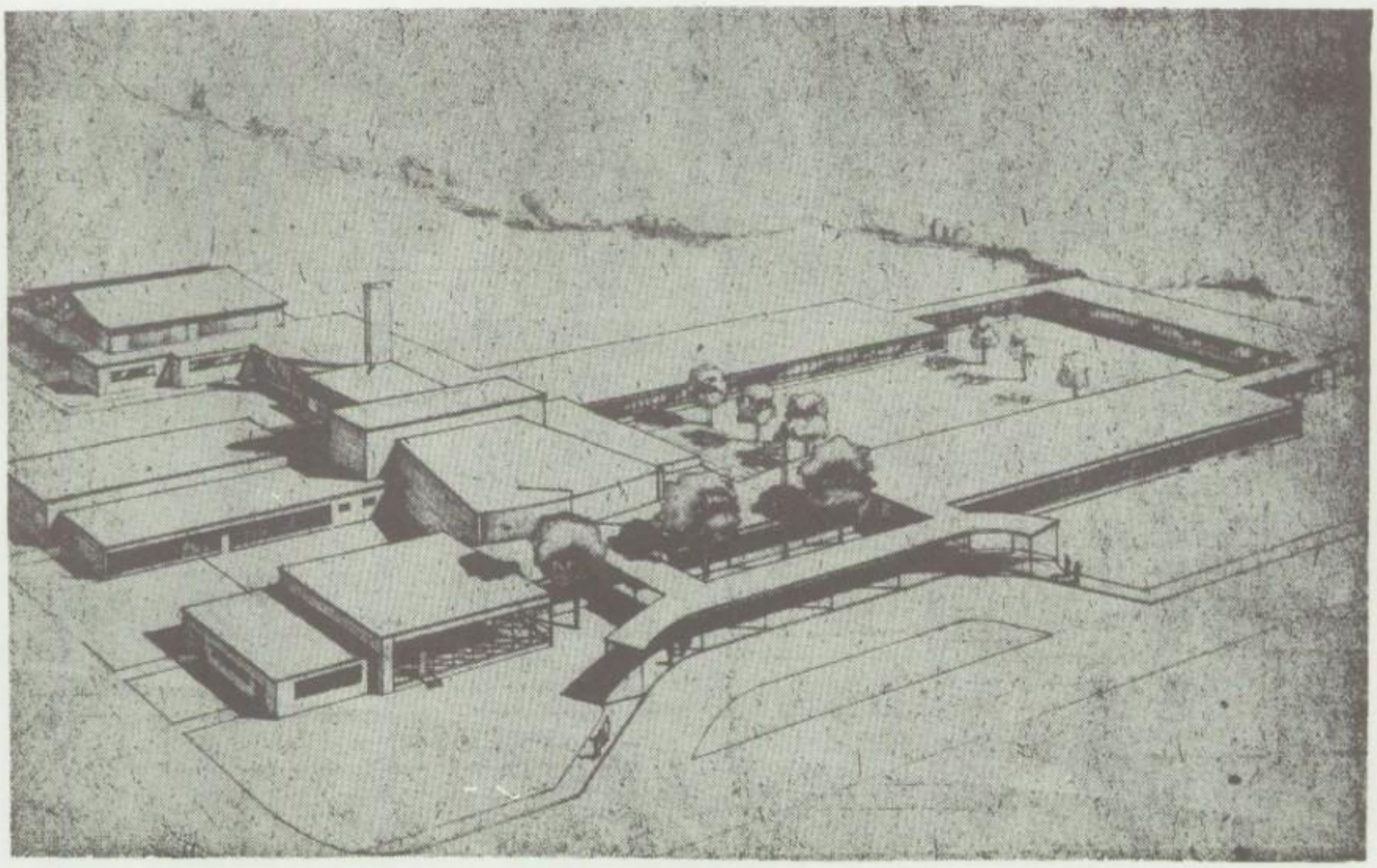
If present plans are carried out, this year will be the last in the existence of Petersham High School and this will be the last issue of The Hilltop. Our feelings are mixed as we face this prospect. On the one hand it is with keen regret that we see the passing of that which has been here for so long and which has so many meaningful and deep associations for us. On the other hand it is with interest, even eagerness, and the anticipation of something better that we look forward to that which is now building--the Ralph C. Mahar Regional School.

When our present school is gone, what will remain as the most complete record of what was here? We are sure it will be our yearbooks. It has always been with a sense of history that we have made our yearbook. For in it we have recorded the names and the faces of those who were here and some account of what was done here. We cannot imagine that anyone who has had enough interest in us to purchase one of our yearbooks will ever throw the book away; and we can imagine how in years to come people will turn the pages of this and our many other yearbooks to refresh the memory, to be startled at how fast time has flown and how much people and things have changed, to wonder at how much has been forgotten, and to relive (perhaps with a pang of nostalgia, perhaps with a feeling of being glad it is all behind) a portion of the past.

Mr. Bagley
Yearbook Adviser

PETERSHAM HIGH SCHOOL

PETERSHAM, MASSACHUSETTS



Ralph C. Mahar Regional School

FAREWELL P.H.S.

As everyone knows, this is our last year at P.H.S. I think everyone will miss our school as much as I will. When I think of our high school, I think of all the wonderful times I've had here.

In the seventh grade I was in the Civics Club play, Who Murdered Who? and all the fun and laughter we had at the rehearsals probably will never be matched. This year, also, was the first year I went on the school picnic. Two of my friends and I took a whole watermelon and had no trouble eating it. That, too, was the first year I went to the junior prom. As dates in the seventh grade are likely to be very few, a group of us went "stag" and had a wonderful time.

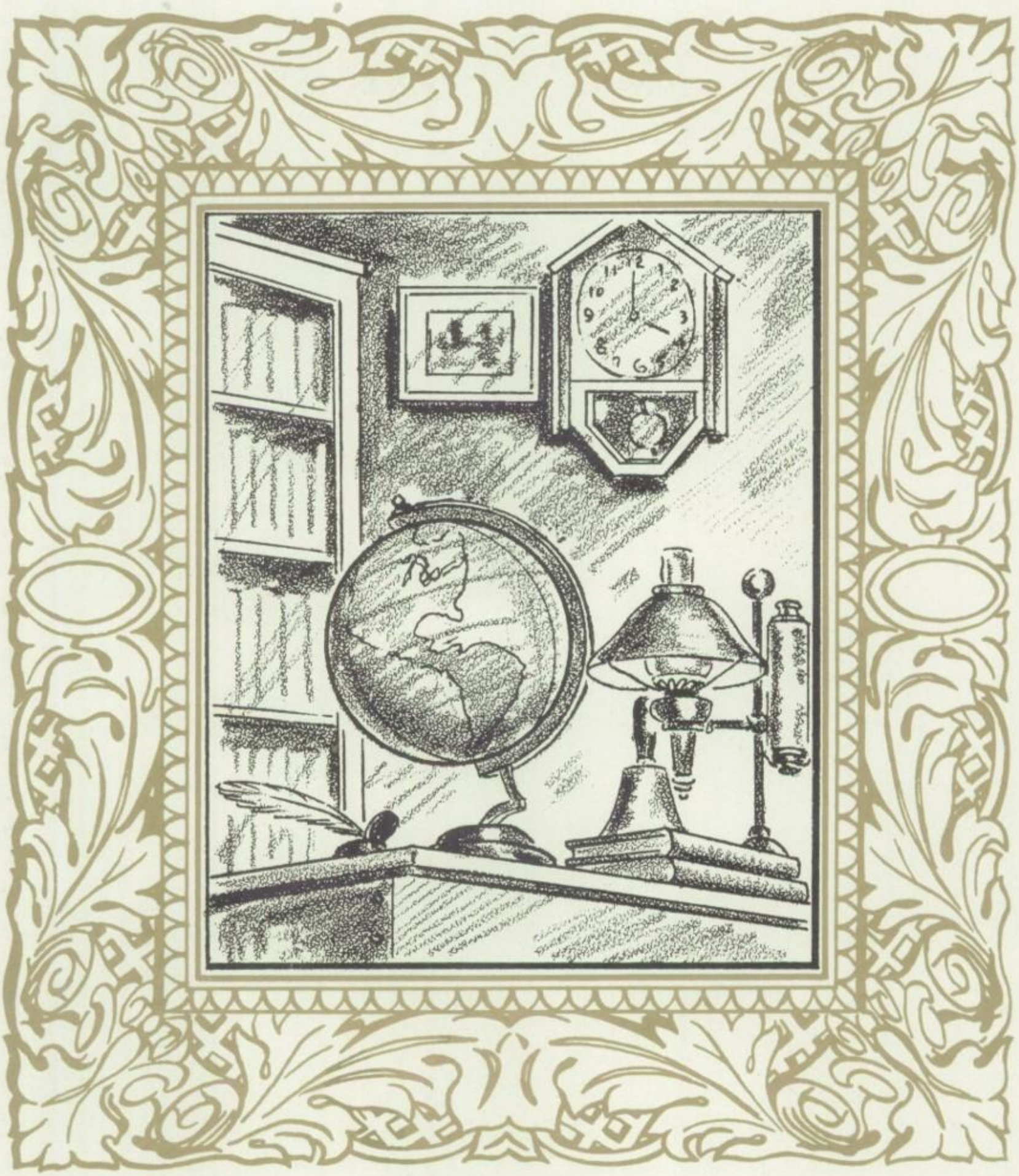
The eighth grade was every bit as exciting as the seventh. Our play, entitled Teeth of the Gift Horse, was a great success and we enjoyed the day after very much. We went to the town hall to clean up and found that group work in small doses can be fun. At the school picnic that year we really had a day we will all long remember. We regretted the sunburn very much for some time to come, as sunburn and polio vaccine do not mix well.

This is my last year here. I'm sure I'll enjoy the Ralph C. Mahar Regional School very much, but I'll miss good old P.H.S. I'll always remember the senior play, We Shook the Family Tree, the last play given at the town hall, when we took such great pride in adding our names to the long lists of play casts written on the flats. We will all miss the basketball trips to Turners Falls and the so-called singing that accompanied every one of them, and the school picnics at Laurel Lake that were always a happy climax to the school year.

We will take our high school teachers with us next year but we will not be able to see our grade school teachers as often as we would like.

Although we will always remember the fun and friendships made at P.H.S., we will never forget that here was laid part of the foundation for our whole lives. Yes, we look ahead happily to our new school but we look back sadly as we leave Petersham High School.

Judith Greanier
Freshman Class



FACULTY

Faculty

MRS. COOK
6705
MUSIC

MRS. PHILLIPS
6706
LATIN
FOODS
ANCIENT HISTORY
SEWING

MR. LE POER
6707
GRADES
5 - 6

MISS. COBB
6708
GRADE
I

MR. HELLEN
6709
ALGEBRA - TRIG.
GEOMETRY - SCIENCE
CHEMISTRY - PHYSICS
PRINCIPAL

MISS. FESSENDEN
6710
School Nurse

MRS. BATES
6711
GRADE
2

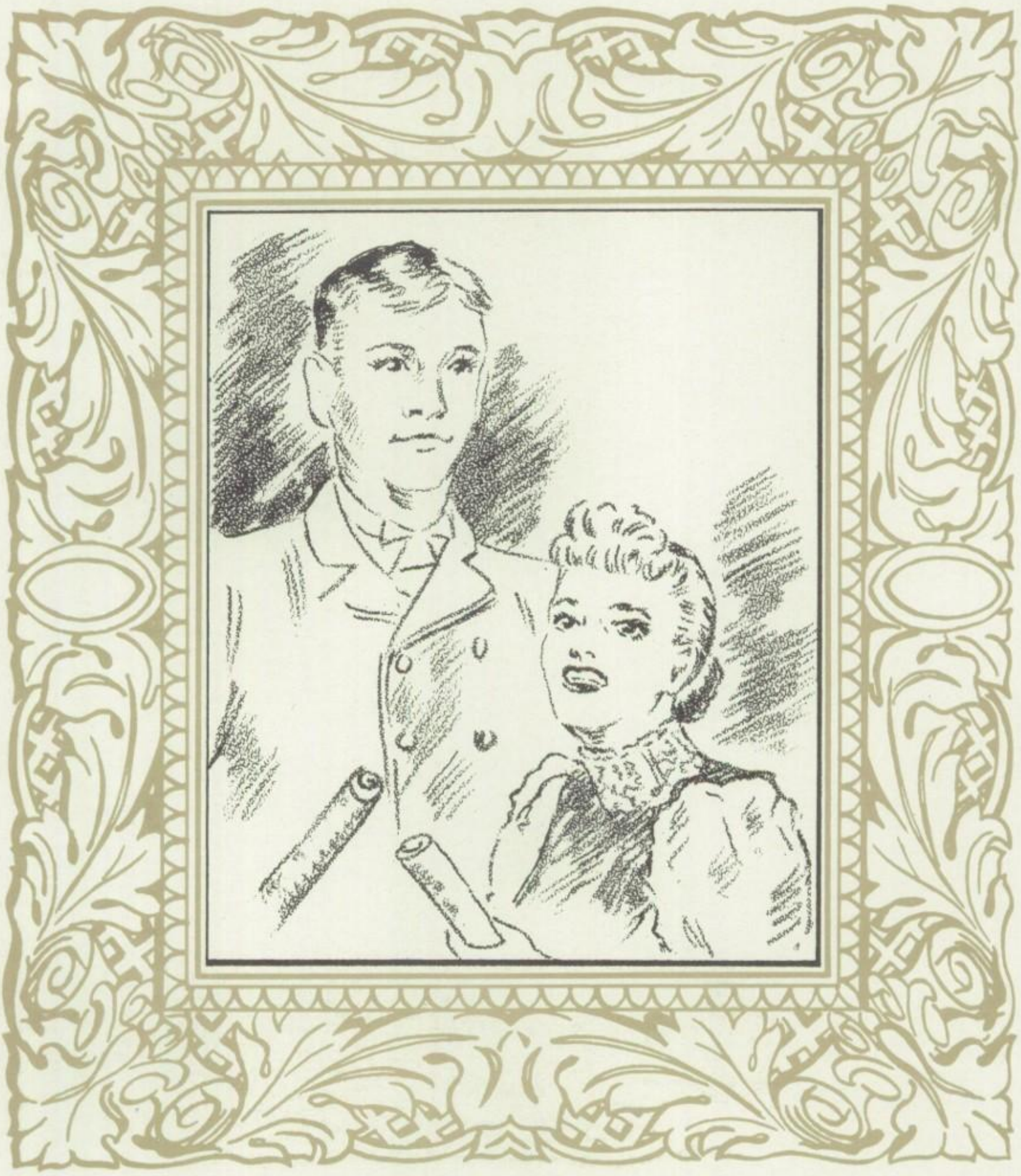
MRS. CROWSON
6712
TYPING - SHORTHAND
BUSINESS MATH.
BOOKKEEPING
GENERAL BUSINESS

MRS. HALLBERG
6713
GRADE
4

MISS. REID
6714
GRADE
3

MR. OLSON
6715
U.S. HISTORY - ARITH. 8
HISTORY - GEOGRAPHY
SOCIOLOGY - CIVICS
HEALTH - BIOLOGY

MR. BAGLEY
6716
ARITH. 7
English
French



SENIORS

SENIOR CLASS NEWS

The senior class this year consisted of three boys and four girls. They were as follows: Maureen Baldwin, David Buell, Elaine Elliott, Gail Peaslee, William Ruby, Hermas Swope and Patricia Thayer. Mr. Hellen was our class advisor. At our first class meeting the following class officers were elected: president, Hermas Swope; vice-president, Patricia Thayer; secretary, Gail Peaslee; and treasurer, Elaine Elliott. Four of the seniors were on the Executive Council. They were David Buell, Elaine Elliott, Gail Peaslee and Hermas Swope.

The annual senior play was held on October 26 in the Town Hall. The play was We Shook the Family Tree, a comedy in three acts. The play dealt with a teen-age girl and the problems that arose when she found herself going to a prom with a boy who wore knickers. The cast included the following: Sandra Barnes, David Buell, Richard Clark, Judith Greanier, Helen Knapp, Judith Lambert, Kenneth Lambert, Gail Peaslee, Robert Perkins, Hermas Swope, Michaele Thayer and Patricia Thayer. The play was under the direction of Mr. Bagley. Others who worked on it were Maureen Baldwin, Elaine Elliott, June Hosley, Lois Nelson, William Ruby and Sally Vickers. Special work for the play was done by Mrs. Crowson.

On November 21, the seniors held their annual Harvest Dance in the school gymnasium. Music was furnished by Mal Hall's orchestra, from Orange.

In order to earn additional money for the Washington trip the seniors put on a supper on February 9, in the Unitarian Church. We were assisted by our parents, who proved to be a great help. We would like to thank them for all their hard work. Also we would like to thank all the students who sold tickets for the supper. Special thanks go to Raymond Hall, who sold sixty tickets.

All our activities this year contributed greatly to our earning money for the senior trip to Washington in April. Selling popcorn and soda at the home basketball games and numerous food sales were a big help also. The work on the yearbook not only helped the seniors earn money for their trip but also helped with some of the expenses of graduation.

The seniors this year had a different arrangement for their Washington trip. Chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Hellen, they traveled by train with the seniors from Hardwick High School. In the past years the seniors have gone by bus with the seniors from New Salem Academy.

Graduation this year will be held on Monday, June 17; Class Night, Friday, June 14; and Baccalaureate, Sunday, June 16. Because of the burning of the Town Hall, Graduation and Class Night will be held in the school gymnasium and Baccalaureate will be held in Memorial Hall at the library.

The seniors have really enjoyed their high school days and regret that they will be unable to attend the Ralph C. Mahar Regional School next September.

Gail Peaslee
Senior Class

Maureen Baldwin

Gifts
Basketball 4.
Cheerleader 3.
Glee Club 1,2,3.
Senior Play 3,4.

After her school days she'll start to rehearse
So she can become a practical nurse.

David Buell "Dave"

Class History
Baseball 2.
Basketball 1,2,3,4.
Co-Captain, Basketball 4.
Glee Club 1,2,3,4.
Glee Club Secretary 4.
Good Government Day 4.
Senior Play 2,3,4.
Vice-President 3.
Vice-President, Student Council 4.

Here's to David, who's very, very small.
We're all hoping he'll sometime be tall.

Elaine Elliott

Class Prophecy
Basketball 1,2,3.
D.A.R. Good Citizen 4.
Glee Club 1,2,3,4.
Glee Club Librarian 4.
Senior Play 1,2,3,4.
Treasurer 2,3,4.
Treasurer, Student Council 3,4.

Elaine's best hobby is Friday night dancing.
Along with her beau she does much romancing.

Gail Peaslee

Class Will
Glee Club 1,2,4.
Glee Club Librarian 3.
Glee Club President 4.
Basketball 1,2,3,4.
Co-Captain, Basketball 4.
Secretary 3,4.
Secretary, Student Council 4.
Senior Play 1,2,3,4.
Student Government Day 4.
Student Exchange 3.

Gail's heart is with a sailor.
Someday in the future he'll probably nail her.

William Ruby "Billy"

Class History
Basketball 1,2,3.
Baseball 1.
Boys' State 3.
Glee Club 3.

Billy is far from what you'd call lazy.
Someday he'll become an admiral in the Navy.

Hermas Swope

Valedictorian
Basketball 1,2,3,4.
Co-Captain, Basketball 4.
Co-Manager, Magazine Drive 2,3,4.
Clee Club 1,2,3,4.
President 1,2,3,4.
President, Student Council 3,4.
Senior Play 2,3,4.
Student Exchange 3.
Student Government Day 3.

The class genius we all acknowledge;
He'll surely make good in his years at college.

Patricia Thayer "Patty"

Salutatorian
Basketball 1,2,3,4.
Co-Captain, Basketball 4.
Glee Club 2,3,4.
Secretary 2.
Senior Play 2,3,4.
Vice-President 4.

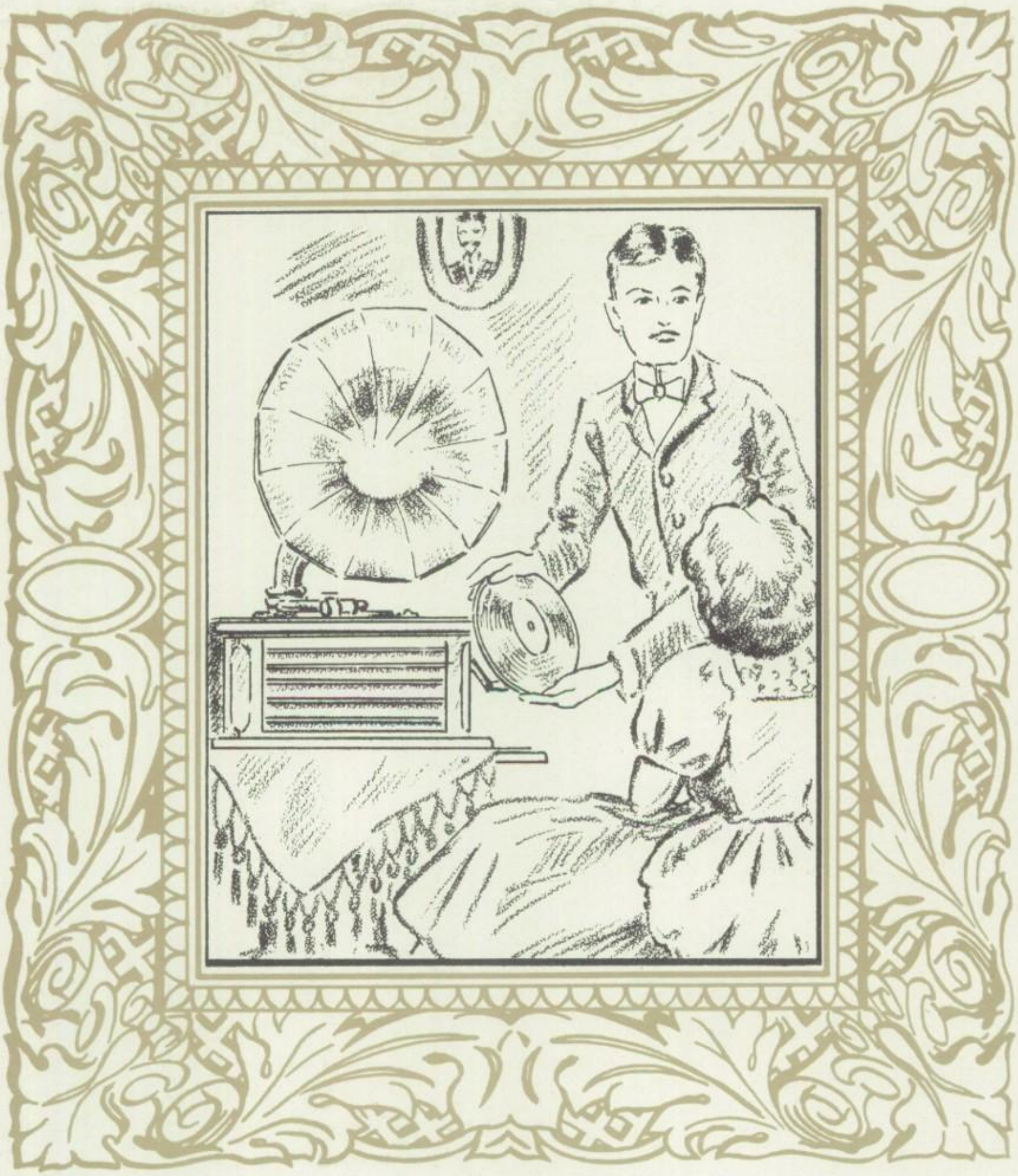
In Patty's future she'll work in a bank,
Or in the armed services she'll obtain a rank.

FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Judy Robbins, Judy Greanier, Katherine LaPointe, Judy Lambert, Michaele Thayer, Linda Perkins, William Ellsworth, Robert Perkins, Raymond King, Charles Kelley, Robert LaPointe, Helen Knapp, Rexyne Lawson, Rebecca Swope, Ellen King. SECOND ROW, Doris Russell, Sandra Barnes, Gail Peaslee, Earle King, Steven Barnes, Ronald Banks, Hermas Swope, David Buell, Allen Knapp, Kenneth Lambert, Lawrence Buell, David Johnson, Lloyd Upham, Patricia Thayer, Elaine Elliott, Brenda Banks, Mr. Olson. ABSENT: Gilbert King, Douglas Vaughn.

FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. Bagley, Maureen Baldwin, June Hosley, Judy Lambert, Judy Greanier. SECOND ROW, Helen Knapp, Michaele Thayer, Sandra Barnes, Gail Peaslee, Patricia Thayer. THIRD ROW, Robert Perkins, Hermas Swope, David Buell, Kenneth Lambert, Elaine Elliott, Richard Clark. ABSENT: Lois Nelson, Sally Vickers.

SENIOR

PLAY



JUNIORS

JUNIOR CLASS NEWS

There were six members of the junior class this year--Sandra Barnes, Richard Clark, Robert Clark, Alice Dorow, June Hosley and Kenneth Lambert.

In September the first class meeting was held to elect officers. The following were elected: president, Sandra Barnes; vice-president, Richard Clark; secretary, June Hosley; and treasurer, Kenneth Lambert. Our class advisor this year was Mr. Bagley.

Three members of the junior class took part in the basketball activities this year. Alice Dorow was the girls' basketball manager, Richard Clark was on the boys' basketball team, and June Hosley was a cheerleader.

At the time of writing this the junior class was making plans for the Junior Prom, which was to be held Friday, May 24, in the gymnasium.

June Hosley
Junior Class

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

This year has been a test for the Student Council's new constitution. We have found a few faults in it, but we think that these faults can be easily corrected. For instance we have found that the method of nominating our Student Council* officers is poor. But we feel that the nomination paper method could be easily adapted to correct our problem. We plan to streamline our constitution so that it would be practicable in the regional school.

Early in the school year we planned a program of assemblies for the winter months. News of our programs can be found in the "Activities" section of THE HILLTOP. The students and the faculty seemed to feel that the series was informative and enjoyable.

The Executive Council helped to organize a group of clubs to aid in making our physical education periods more interesting. Some of the clubs specialized in science, dancing, "hot rods," hunting, or general sports. Due to our lack of facilities, they were not too successful, but they served their purpose. We disbanded the program in the spring.

Last fall five members of the Executive Council, including Gail Peaslee, Douglas Vaughn, David Buell, Hermas Swope and Mr. Hellen, went to a central area student council conference held at the Wachusetts Regional High School, in Holden. We participated in discussion groups, heard speeches, saw a film of the Student Council National Convention (which was held last summer), ate a fine meal and made some new friends. We came away feeling that we had learned a great deal from other student council officers. At the time of writing this we plan to send a delegation to a spring conference in May, at Milton High School. We hope that this trip will be as interesting as our first trip was.

Hermas Swope
Senior Class

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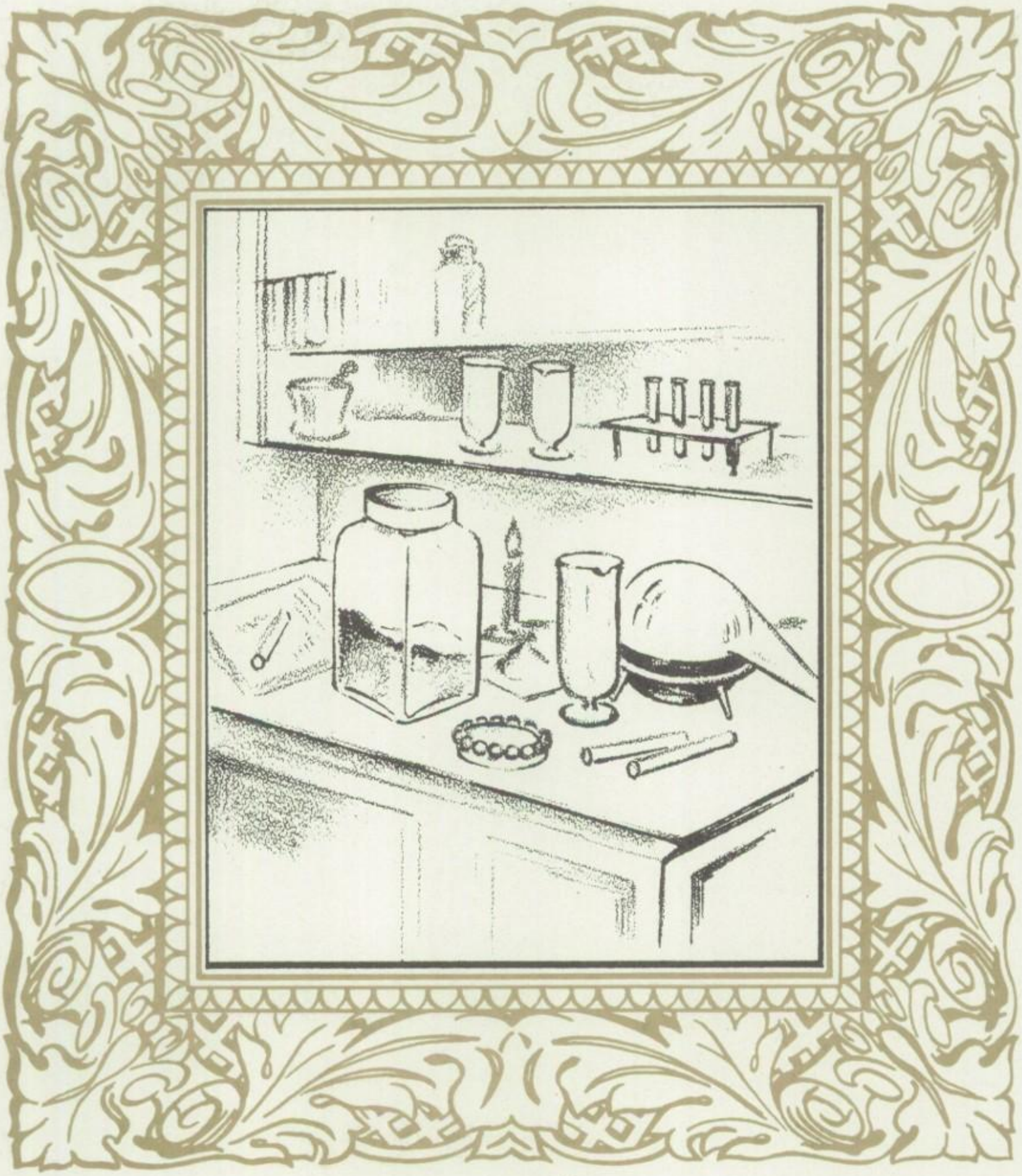
*Student Council refers to all members of grades 7-12. Executive Council refers to the officers of the Student Council and all class presidents.

Student Council Officers

FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Hermas Swope, Rexyne Lawson, Gail Peaslee, Sandra Barnes, Douglas Vaughn, Michael Flood. SECOND ROW, David Buell, Mr. Hellen. ABSENT: Elaine Elliott.

Junior Class

FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Alice Dorow, Sandra Barnes, June Hosley. SECOND ROW, Kenneth Lambert, Robert Clark, Richard Clark.



SOPHOMORES

Sophomore Class

FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Helen Knapp, Michaele Thayer, Mildred Edwards, Doris Russell, Rexyne Lawson. SECOND ROW, Ronald Banks, Carl Adams, Lloyd Upham, Earle King. ABSENT: Gilbert King.

Freshman Class

FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Lois Nelson, Brenda Banks, Judy Lambert, Judy Greanier. SECOND ROW, Stuart Foster, Richard Russell, George Smith, Robert Perkins. THIRD ROW, Raymond Dorow, Richard Dorow. ABSENT: Raymond Hall, Sally Vickers, Douglas Vaughn.

FRESHMEN

SOPHOMORE CLASS NEWS

The sophomore class began this year with ten students. They were: Carl Adams, Ronald Banks, Mildred Edwards, Earle King, Gilbert King, Helen Knapp, Rexyne Lawson, Doris Russell, Michaele Thayer, and Lloyd Upham.

Our first class meeting was held in September and we elected officers as follows: president, Rexyne Lawson; vice-president, Ronald Banks; secretary, Doris Russell; and treasurer, Helen Knapp. Our class advisor this year was Mrs. Crowson.

Our only activity this year was the Freshman Initiation, which was held October 5, in the school gymnasium. Our theme was a satire on "Truth or Consequences."

Michaele Thayer and Doris Russell were on the basketball team this year.

In February we welcomed Joyce Lundgren to our class; she formerly attended the Wachusett Regional High School.

Doris Russell
Sophomore Class

FRESHMAN CLASS NEWS

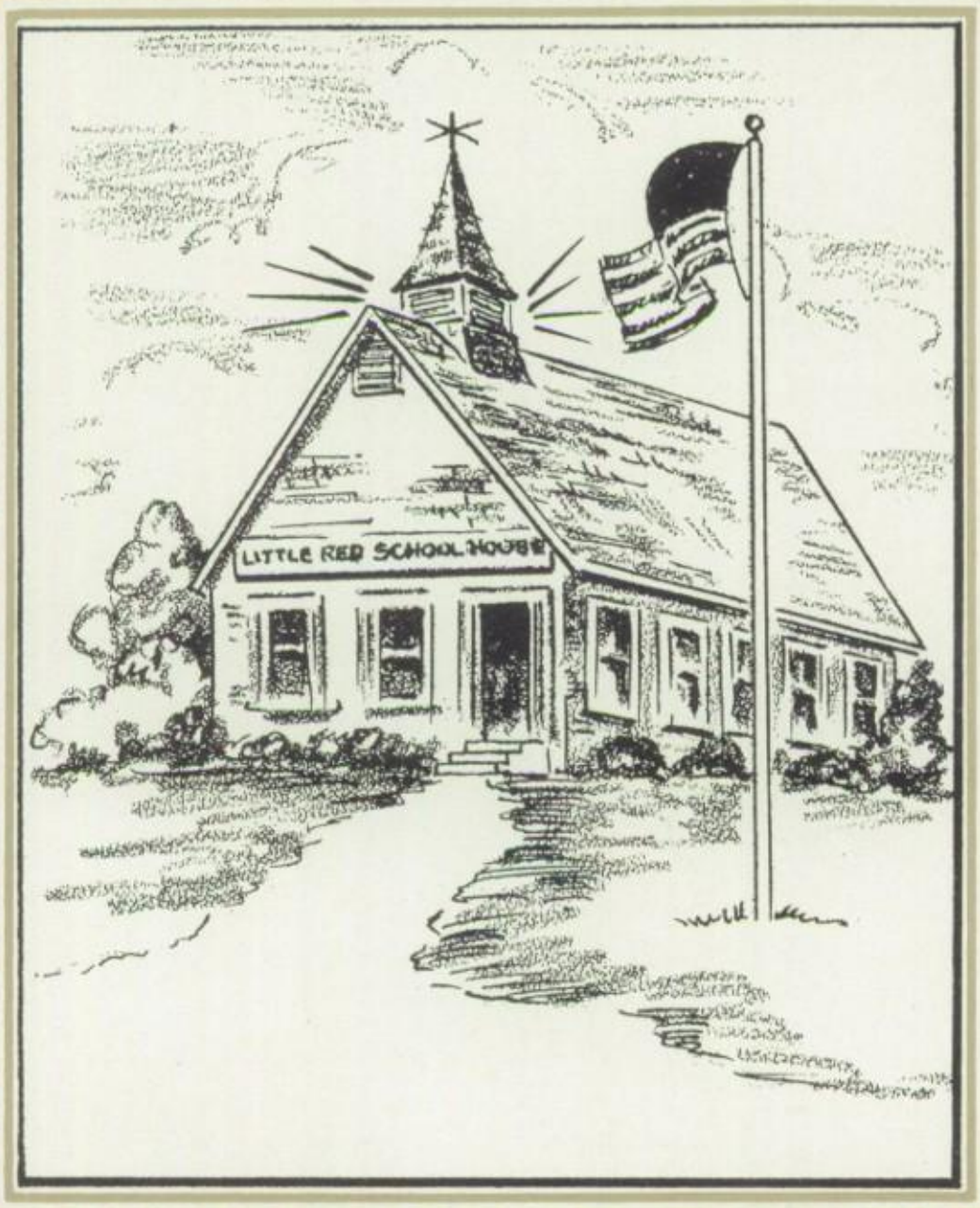
The freshman class started with thirteen students. They were Lawrence Baldwin, Brenda Banks, Richard Dorow, Raymond Dorow, Stuart Foster, Judith Greanier, Raymond Hall, Judith Lambert, Lois Nelson, Robert Perkins, Richard Russell, George Smith, and Sally Vickers. Lawrence Baldwin left us in January.

At the beginning of the year we held our first class meeting and elected officers as follows: president, Douglas Vaughn; vice-president, Robert Perkins; secretary, Judith Lambert; and treasurer, Sally Vickers. Our class advisor was Mrs. Phillips.

Judith Greanier and Judith Lambert were cheerleaders this year and Robert Perkins, George Smith, and Douglas Vaughn were on the basketball team.

Our only activity for this year was the Freshman Sport Dance, which was held on March 22 in the gymnasium. The gym ceiling was decorated with strips of black, pink, and gold crepe paper. The walls were decorated with silhouettes of baseballs and bats, megaphones, and basketballs of the same color as the strips of crepe paper. The music was furnished by Roberta Banks' orchestra.

Judith Lambert
Freshman Class



UNDERCLASSMEN

Seventh and Eighth Grade

FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Steven Barnes, Stephen Sperry, Teddie Bassett, Nancy Bryant, Ellen King, Carolyn Elliott, Sharon Flood, Judy Robbins, John Hall, Mr. Olson. SECOND ROW, Michael Flood, Allen Knapp, Linda Johnson, Katherine LaPointe, Rebecca Swope, Linda Perkins, Donna Legare, Marie Baldwin, Robert Mello. THIRD ROW, Douglas Clark, Raymond King, David Johnson, Lawrence Buell, John Iott, Ronald Hosley, Charles Kelley, Jeffrey Amidon, Philip Nordmark. FOURTH ROW, William Ellsworth, Bernard Bassett, Wesley Swan, Lawrence Nelson, Kenneth Baldwin, Russell Clark, Robert LaPointe, Melvin Dorow.

Fifth and Sixth Grade

FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: David Burnham, Melody Clark, Janice Olson, Shirley Perkins, Mary Lee Sperry, Susan Anderstrom, Charlie Buell. SECOND ROW, Peter Robbins, Donald Knapp, Theresa Faust, Rose Edwards, Andrea Rhodes, Thomas Duane, Maygoe Flood. THIRD ROW, James Greanier, John Nelson, Paul Johnson, Mr LePoer, Bruce Banks, Norman La Pointe, John Swan.

SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADE NEWS

The Junior High Civics Club officers for this year were: president, Michael Flood; vice-president, John Hall; secretary, Linda Perkins; and treasurer, Sharon Flood. The Washington trip collector for the seventh grade was Carolyn Elliott, and for the eighth grade Katherine LaPointe.

Ronald Hosley came from Barre and started the eighth grade with us. After the Christmas vacation we were happy to have Nancy Bryant back from Harvard, Massachusetts.

Steven Barnes, Lawrence Buell, William Ellsworth, David Johnson, Charles Kelley, Allen Knapp, Ellen King, Katherine LaPointe, Robert LaPointe, Linda Perkins, Judith Robbins, and Rebecca Swope were members of the Glee Club.

Lawrence Buell and Allen Knapp were members of the high school boys' basketball team. Members of the seventh and eighth grade basketball team were: Jeffrey Amidon, Steven Barnes, Teddie Bassett, Russell Clark, William Ellsworth, John Hall, Ronald Hosley, David Johnson, Charles Kelley, and Robert Mello. Members of the girls' team were: Nancy Bryant, Carolyn Elliott, Sharon Flood, Linda Johnson, Ellen King, Katherine LaPointe, Linda Perkins, and Rebecca Swope. Judith Robbins was a cheerleader.

This year our Civics Club play was entitled The Little Red School House. In the cast were Jeffrey Amidon, Carolyn Elliott, Michael Flood, Sharon Flood, John Hall, David Johnson, Charles Kelley, Ellen King, Katherine LaPointe, Robert LaPointe, Linda Perkins, Judith Robbins, Stephen Sperry, and Rebecca Swope. Mr. Olson was our director. The play was held in the gymnasium, May third.

Katherine LaPointe
Grade Eight

FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADE NEWS

September brought to Mr. LePoer a group of twenty youngsters in grades five and six. The already small sixth grade lost another pupil when Sherol Stone and her family moved from Petersham. This left only four class members. Our room enrollment increased to twenty-one with the addition of Susan Anderstrom, formerly of Longmeadow, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Cook, our music supervisor, has kept us constantly on our toes with a new set of music texts. On two occasions as part of the assembly programs we have concentrated on music. These were Thanksgiving and Christmas. We received many compliments for our efforts.

Two new series of free-reading books have enriched our reading program. Both series concentrate on making our heritage good reading. Interest has been aroused in the Library Club of America. We have received our charter and are working toward awards given in recognition of conscientious reading. After reading five books, a child becomes a member in the organization. Eight more books and reports on these entitle the child to an honor pin. Seven more books and their reports entitle the child to life membership, at which time he pledges himself to read at least one book a month for life. This plan is being met with a great deal of enthusiasm.

The class has used the tape recorder for many varied activities this year. We have employed it for reading, language, and music.

Probably one of the most interesting activities we have had this year was a play given for the benefit of the parents on visiting day. It was written as a project by one of the reading groups. It consisted of three acts and dealt with the westward movement.

Again this year, as a supplement to our science program, we have been fortunate to have Mrs. Care, of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, to instruct us in the wonders of nature. As a fitting climax to the year we are eagerly awaiting our annual field trip to Cook's Canyon.

Mr. LePoer

FOURTH GRADE NEWS

When school started in September our enrollment was twelve. In October Shirley LaFarr came back to Petersham making our number thirteen.

During the fall we made visits to the town library every two weeks. This has helped us to become familiar with the material found there.

After Christmas Mrs. Cook brought our recorders. A recorder is a musical instrument. If we learn to play it well, we will be able to play in school bands.

During the winter months the whole class has been busy reading books from the school library. Our whole class hopes to read twenty books so that we can become members of the Library Club of America.

With the coming of spring we hope to be able to take some field trips.

We have had a busy year.

Mrs. Hallberg

1957 vs. 1962

THIRD GRADE NEWS

In September there were twenty-two in grade three. Martha Hopkins had moved here from New Jersey during the summer. Kay Hutchinson attended for a few days, but because of transportation difficulties, returned to an Athol school. In February, Peter Woodward entered from Marbledale, Connecticut.

The children learn to write in grade three, and most of them write very well. We use the Zaner-Bloser method.

We have a new set of music books this year as a supplement for our Book 3. There are ballads, chanteys and square dances, which the children enjoy. They have also learned to play tonettes.

We have received many new reading books this year which the boys and girls find very interesting. They are all trying to read and report on enough books to become life members of the Library Club of America.

Miss Reid

SECOND GRADE NEWS

Several children from other schools have entered second grade this year: Elliott Ross, from Geneseo, New York; Ronald Noel, from Tully; Barbara LaFarr, from Winchendon; Dennis Banks, from Athol; Robert Anderstrom, from Longmeadow; and Joseph Atkinson, from Holden. We are glad to welcome our new classmates. At the present time we have ten girls and fourteen boys in grade two.

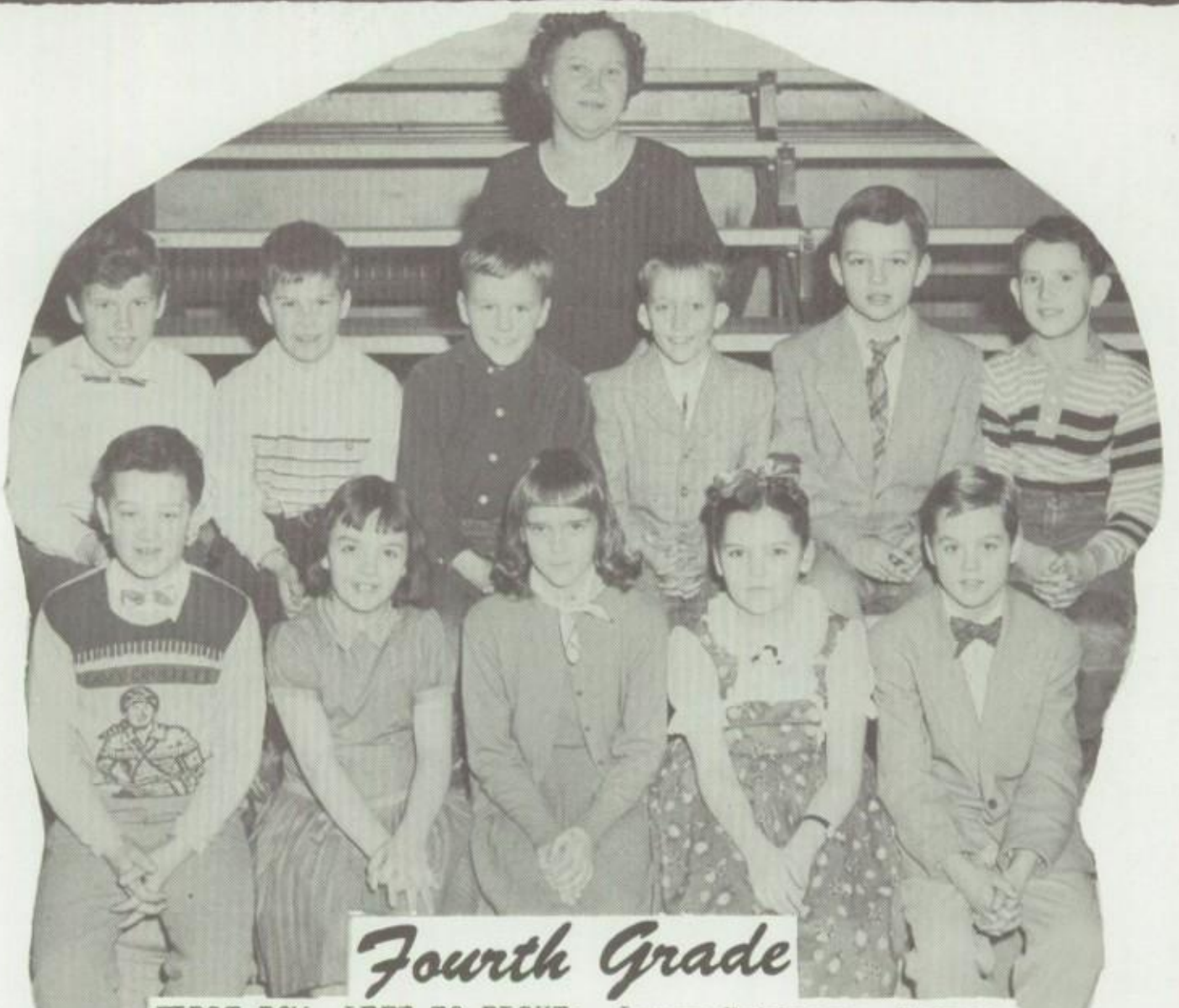
Many new books have been purchased by the school department. This has helped exhilarate the reading program.

On Fridays we have had a "Bring and Tell" period. The children have brought in and told about articles from their hobbies, items collected while on trips, favorite books, or toys. This has been an interesting period and has developed good oral composition. We have especially enjoyed Pat's collection of dinosaurs, Mimi's sea-shells and very old doll, Sandy's many articles from Denmark, Jeannie's treasures from Virginia, Betty's painted figurines and Herbert's fine books, as well as things many others have brought in.

We have looked forward with pleasure to Mrs. Cook's visit each week and have especially enjoyed the folk dancing this year.

We have had a busy and a happy year.

Mrs. Bates



Fourth Grade

FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Larry Robinson, Bernice Brunelle, Candace Cameron, Carolyn Bassett, Roland Barnes. SECOND ROW, David Perkins, Bruce Upham, Robert Elliott, John LaPointe, John Ellsworth, Don Thompson. THIRD ROW, Mrs. Hallberg. ABSENT: Leda Johnson.

Third Grade

FIRST ROW; LEFT TO RIGHT; Peter Woodward, Paul Smith, Linda Burnham, Mary Kenney, Janet Greanier, Kathy LePoer, Marc Amidon. SECOND ROW, Paul Nelson, Pamela Barnes, Kate Cameron, Glenede Amidon, Mary Lou Ellsworth, Martha Hopkins, Gunnar Lambert, THIRD ROW, Neil Burnham, Robert Bassingthwaite, John Crowson, Miss Reid, Bernard Brunelle, Walter Swan, Denis Legare, Edward Baldwin. ABSENT: Linda Smith.

FIRST GRADE NEWS

This year we have many things to tell you.

Last fall Donald D. Durrell, Professor of Education at Boston University, published his new book that revised the teaching of reading. Following his and Dr. Murphy's directions we learned our lower case and capital letters before we learned words. The initial and final sounds in words were taught as suggested in Dr. Durrell's book, Building Word Power. A test was given in identifying capital letters when a letter was shown and a test was given in identifying capital letters when a letter was named. Another test was given for identifying lower-case letters when a letter was shown and another test was given when a lower-case letter was named. A test was given for visual discrimination of words. A test was given for learning sounds in words. Individual tests were given to each child to find his learning rate and reading groups were formed according to the results. A list of instructional needs was made and individual drill was given to overcome each need. I find that because of this new program the children's knowledge in phonics has improved to a great extent and that because of this the children's reading has improved.

We want to say thank you to Mr. Houston for ordering for us so many new books. We are enjoying them very much. All of us can find some book that we can read with very little help and we cannot find any book that we cannot read with help. Some days some of us read two books.

Last year we started a project to brighten our pictures and make them more impressive. Mr. Kennett painted or gilded the frames to our pictures. I had Toby Sperry, Larry Nelson, and Robert Clark paint or draw a picture for our room. All of these boys have great talent and we would like to have you come in and see their pictures. We like them very much.

For a long time we have wanted a pet in our room but we could not find an animal until now that could live where there were very warm days and cold nights but at last we have found one--a rabbit! In order to keep our rabbit we had to have a cage. This we could not find; so Mr. LaGrant, our new janitor, offered his time and almost all of the material for our cage. You must come in and see it for it is the nicest cage you have ever seen. We are very grateful to our two janitors for working so hard for us for we know that this is something they did just to make us happy and not something they had to do.

Michelle LaPointe spent two weeks in Ohio and brought back some very interesting post cards, which she told us about.

Larry Gauthier's mother brought us a coconut from Florida. We tasted the milk and ate a piece of the coconut. Some of us liked it and some of us did not. We have made a display of other things that came from Florida and we are waiting for Mrs. Gauthier to show us the pictures she took on their trip to Florida.

We are also waiting for Linda Soderberg's grandmother to come in and tell us about all the nice things Linda has brought in which came from Sweden. We have read a number of books about Sweden and we hope she will teach us to say one or two words in Swedish.

Do come in and see us anytime, for we would like very much to see you.

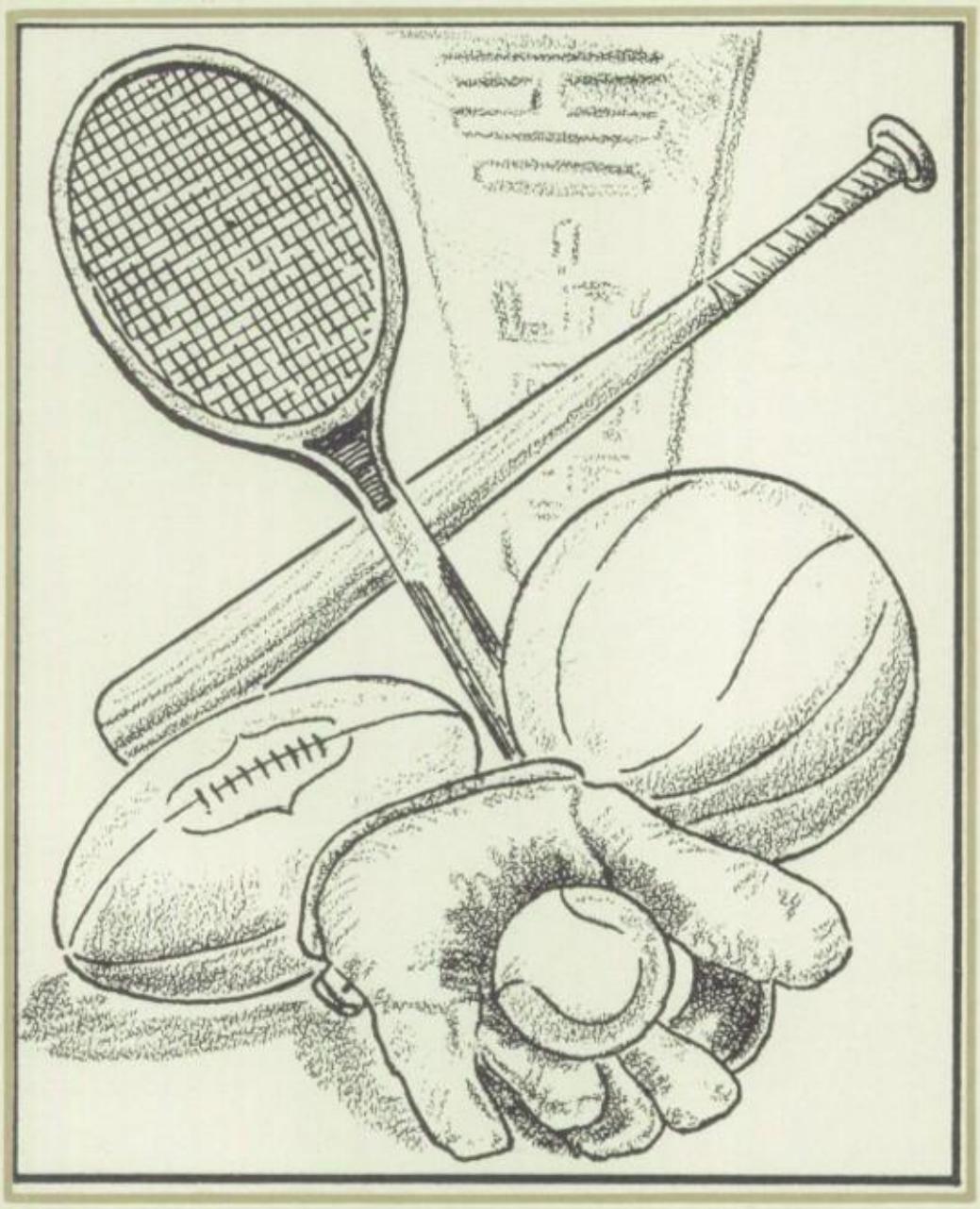
Miss Cobb

Second Grade

FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Toby Sperry, Elizabeth Reid, Barbara LaFarr, Doris Edwards, Barbara Brunelle, Barbara Jean Crowson, Herbert Lamb. SECOND ROW, Robert Anderstrom, Linda Wade, Joan Engelsted, Patricia Smith, Mary Duane, Leah LaPointe, Miriam Hellen, Elliott Ross. THIRD ROW, Exton Elliott, Patrick Haines, Timothy Cookman, Harold Coombs, Ronald Noel, Mrs. Bates, Glenn Upham, Harvey Swan, Scott LePoer, Russell Olson. **ABSENT:** Dennis Banks.

First Grade

FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Michelle LaPointe, JoAnn LePoer, Linda Robinson, Linda Soderberg, Nancy Nelson. SECOND ROW, Timothy Noel, Dennis Upham, Jacqueline Barnes, Jeannine Brunelle, Alfred Gauthier. THIRD ROW, Daniel Haines, Bruce MacKay, William Perkins. Miss Cobb.



ATHLETICS

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball schedule started later than last year, and our first game was on December 17 against Powers. We took them by surprise with a score of twenty-eight to eighteen. Altogether during our basketball season we won four games out of twelve.

Members of the team were Maureen Baldwin, Carolyn Elliott, Sharon Flood, Ellen King, Katherine LaPointe, Lois Nelson, Linda Perkins, Gail Peaslee (Co-Captain), Doris Russell, Rebecca Swope, Michaele Thayer and Patricia Thayer (Co-Captain). The manager was Alice Dorow. Mrs.Crowson was the coach.

CHEERLEADERS

There were four cheerleaders this year. They were Judith Greanier, June Hosley, Judith Lambert, and Judith Robbins.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Basketball practice started in November and was held on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the afternoon. There were about twenty boys who went out for the team. Two boys from last year's team were back--David Buell and Hermas Swope. The coach was Mr. LePoer, who last year had a team that won the consolation trophy at the Tri-State Tournament.

The boys who made the varsity team were Carl Adams, David Buell, Larry Buell, Allen Knapp and Hermas Swope. Carl Adams was later replaced first by George Smith and then by Richard Clark. The boys who made up the junior varsity team were William Ellsworth, David Johnson, Robert Perkins, George Smith and Douglas Vaughn. William Ruby was the manager.

The season was not a good one because all ten of the varsity games played were lost. The schedule called for playing eight games during the regular season and then playing in the Tri-State Tournament. In addition the junior varsity, assisted by the junior high, played two games, winning one. The Tri-State Tournament was held at Turners Falls in February and March, and Petersham lost both its games there.

There was also a junior high team which played three games and won three. Members of the team were Jeffrey Amidon, Steven Barnes, Teddie Bassett, Larry Buell, Russell Clark, William Ellsworth, John Hall, Ronald Hosley, David Johnson, Charles Kelley, Allen Knapp, and Robert Mello.

There was no baseball team last year because of lack of players.

Date	Opponent	Place	Score
December 17	Powers	Bernardston	47-94
January 4	Ashby	Petersham	28-48
January 8	New Salem	Petersham	63-73
January 11	Hardwick	Ware	45-71
January 25	Powers	Petersham	57-60
February 1	Ashby	Ashby	40-75
February 13	New Salem	New Salem	45-63
February 15	Hardwick	Petersham	41-74
February 26	Thayer Academy	Turners Falls	36-56
March 1	Powers	Turners Falls	30-58

Boy's Basketball Team

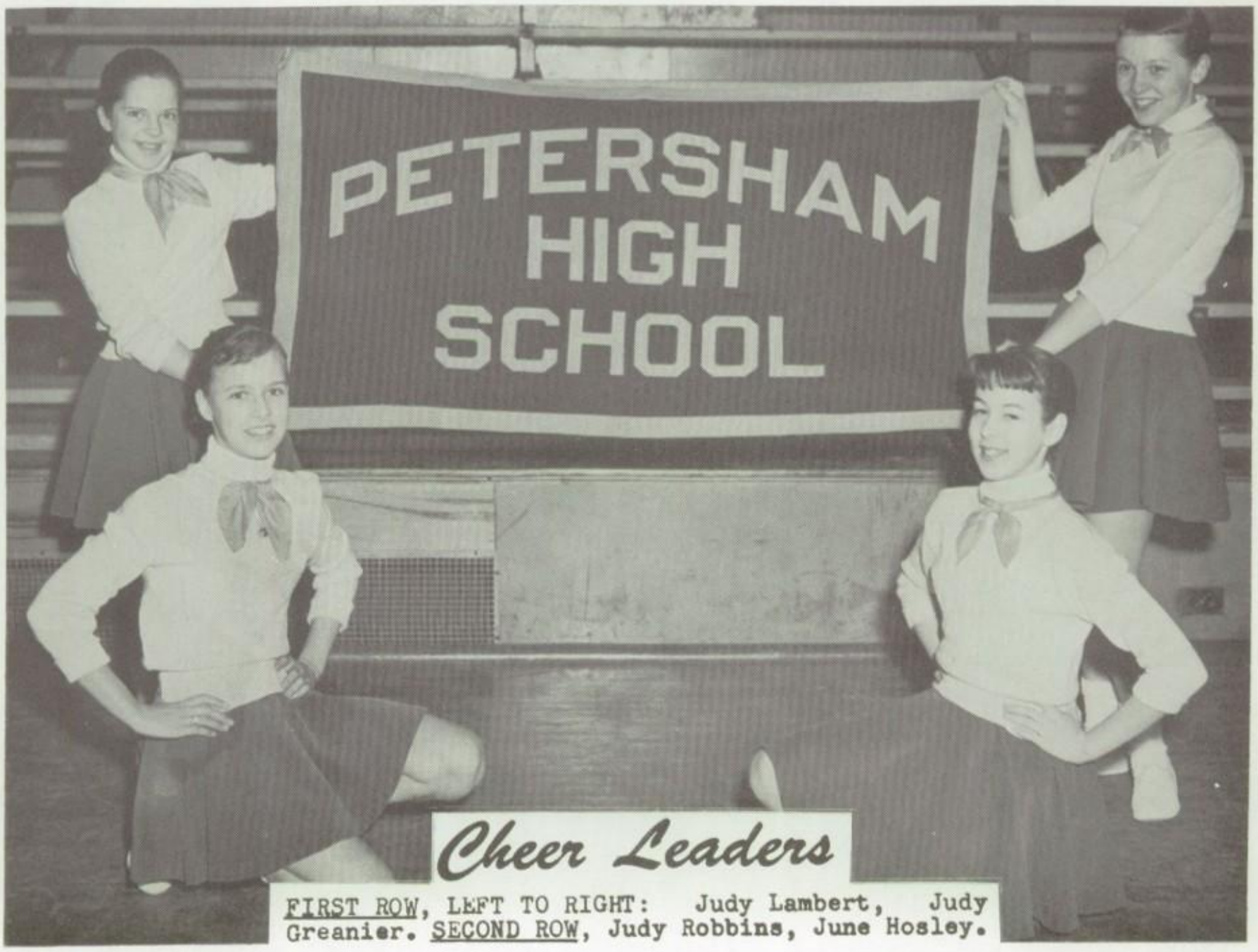
FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Hermas Swope, David Buell (Co-Captains). SECOND ROW, William Ruby (Manager), Richard Clark, Douglas Vaughn, George Smith, David Johnson, Robert Perkins, William Ellsworth, Allen Knapp, Mr. LePoer (Coach).

Girl's Basketball Team

FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Doris Russell, Michaele Thayer, Gail Peaslee(Co-Captain), Patricia Thayer(Co-Captain), Ellen King, Carolyn Elliott, SECOND ROW, Alice Dorow(Manager), Linda Johnson, Maureen Baldwin, Rebecca Swope, Sharon Flood, Lois Nelson, Linda Perkins, Katherine LaPointe, Nancy Bryant, Mrs. Crowson (Coach).

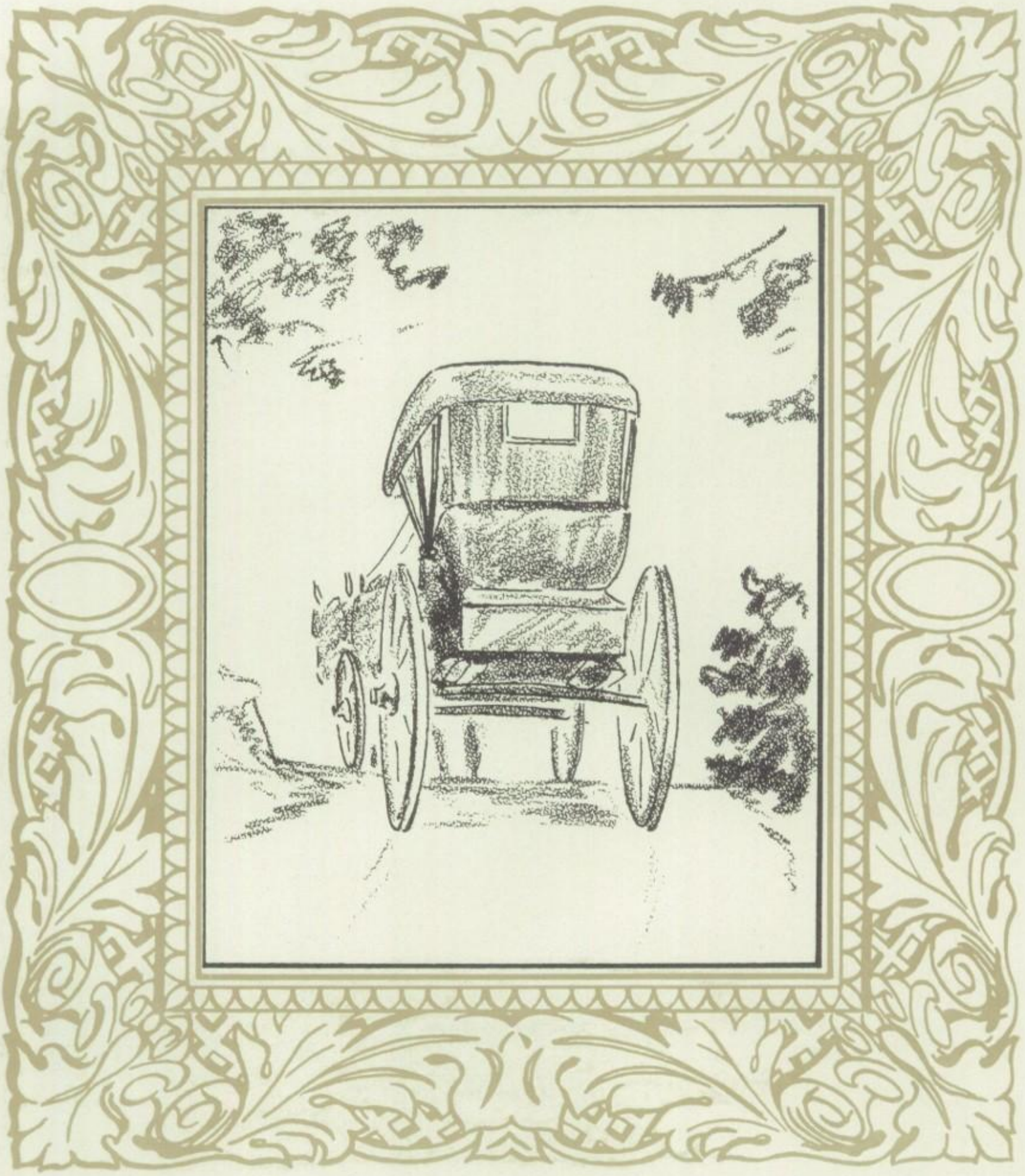
CLASS OF '46-'47

FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Lee Clark, Lloyd Upham, Robert Clark, Raymond Dorow, Richard Clark, Richard White, Carl Adams, Gilbert King. SECOND ROW, Hermas Swope, James Ruby, Arland Barnes, Lawrence White, William Ruby, Percy Nelson, Arthur Dorow, David Buell. THIRD ROW, Maureen Baldwin, Frances Adams, Elaine Elliott, Patricia Thayer, Barbara Boutelle, Nancy Burdette, Maureen Cisco, Judy Currier, Mrytle Andrews.



Cheer Leaders

FIRST ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Judy Lambert, Judy Greanier. SECOND ROW, Judy Robbins, June Hosley.



ACTIVITIES

ACTIVITIES

NEW PRINCIPAL

This year P.H.S. has had a new principal. Mr. Robbins, the former principal, after nine years of service (1947-1956), is now teaching in Norwalk, Connecticut. Mr. Hellen, our new principal, is a resident of Petersham who had been teaching in Athol High School. He has taken over where Mr. Robbins left off and has done a fine job.

ANNUAL MAGAZINE DRIVE

On September 24, Del Obert, representative for the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., made his annual visit to our school to start the sale of magazine subscriptions. Hermas Swope was the manager of the sale and June Hosley was his assistant. The following were appointed as captains of their grades: Ellen King, seventh grade; Rebecca Swope, eighth grade; Douglas Vaughn, ninth grade; Doris Russell, tenth grade; and Elaine Elliott, twelfth grade. This year our school made a profit of $296.14 and the number of subscriptions sold amounted to well over two hundred.

CLARK UNIVERSITY PLAY

On the evening of November 16, twenty-one students, accompanied by Mr. Bagley and Mr. and Mrs. Reid, went to Clark University to see a performance of the play The Sea Gull, by Anton Chekhov, presented by the Clark University Players. Attending the fall drama production at Clark University has for many years been a tradition at P.H.S.

MOCK TOWN MEETING

On March 8, the students of P.H.S. held a mock election. They had previously nominated several people for the different town offices and they then voted for the ones that they wanted to elect. Then on March 11, they held their annual mock town meeting. David Buell was moderator and Elaine Elliott was town clerk. The students discussed the articles listed in the town warrant and Mr. Phillips was present to help explain some of the articles.

MISCELLANEOUS

On October 24, the seniors of P.H.S. took the State Employment Tests, which were given by Mr. MacKay and Mr. Neilson, both from the State Employment Office in Athol.

On December 14, a representative from General Electric spoke to the junior and senior boys about the apprentice course which is given at their Pittsfield works.

On February 8, two representatives from the telephone company came to P.H.S. to show the students how to use the dial telephone.

On March 8, the students of P.H.S. had polio shots, which were given by Dr. Brown, with Miss Fessenden (school nurse), Mrs. Wayne McGinnis, and June Hosley assisting him. The next shots will be given in October.

On March 12, Mr. Paul Wilbur and two students from New Salem Academy spoke to the eighth grade about the agricultural program that is given at New Salem Adademy.

On March 18, Miss Prescott and Miss Wilkins, both from Worcester County Electric Company, came to P.H.S. to speak to the students about lighting in the home. Miss Wilkins showed pictures on kinds of lighting, while Miss Prescott spoke about them.

ASSEMBLIES SPONSORED BY THE STUDENT COUNCIL

On November 1, Mr. Babbitt came to P.H.S. to exhibit some of his animals and to show pictures of the trip he took around Quabbin Reservoir and Harvard Pond. Because Mrs. Babbitt was sick at this time, Mr. Babbitt was assisted by Paul LaPointe. Mrs. Babbitt commented on the movie on a tape recording which was played while the movie was going.

Dr. Zimmerman, of Harvard Forest, came to P.H.S. on November 19 and showed two films of underwater diving. The first film shown was taken by Cousteau, the inventor of the aqualung. The second was taken by Dr. Zimmerman.

Mr. Stockdale and his dog came to visit P.H.S. on December 6. He talked and showed pictures about the trip he and his family took across the United States. Some of the pictures that he showed were about Grand Canyon, a Sequoia tree that a car can actually go through, and some of our national parks.

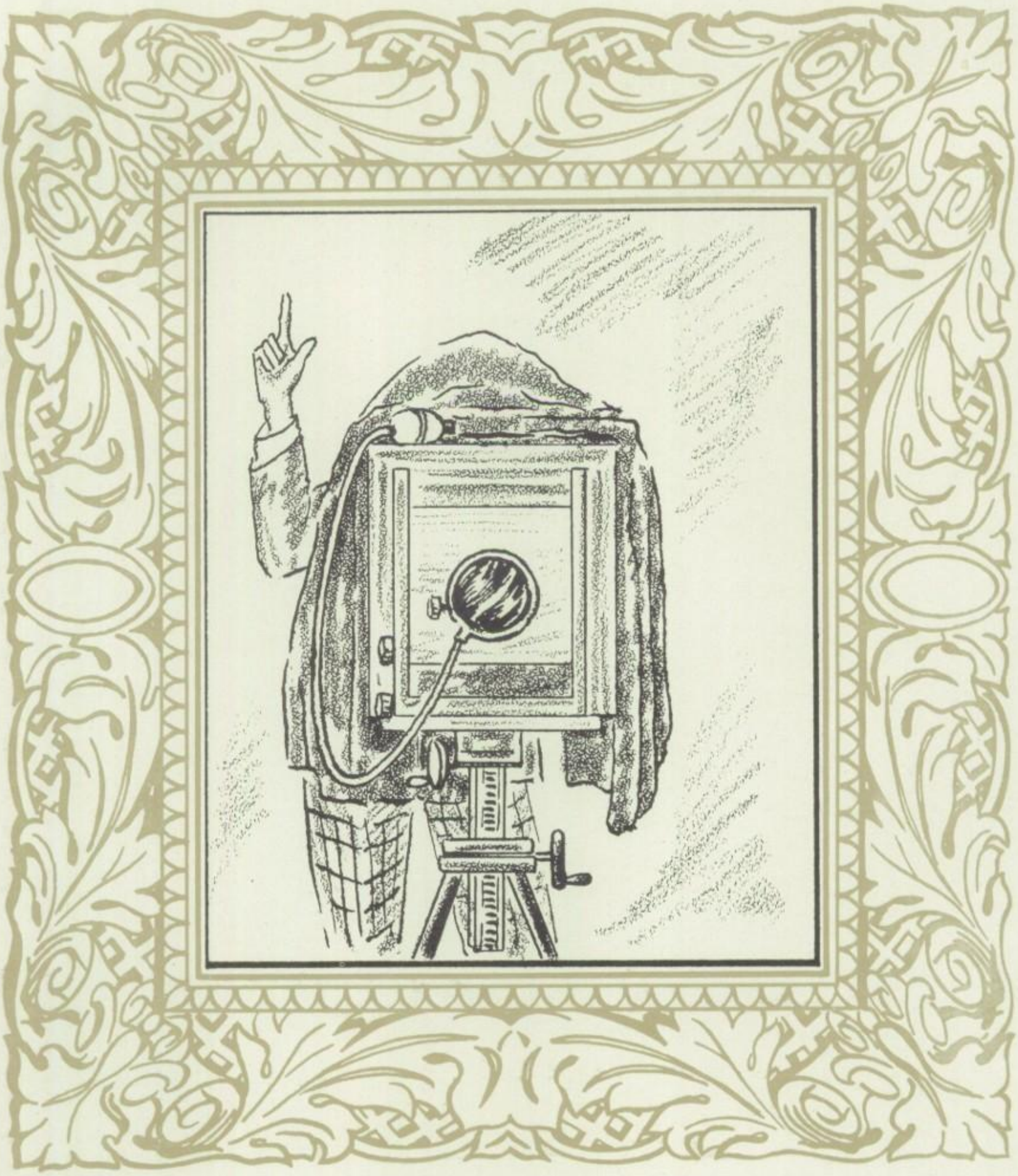
On February 12, the students of P.H.S. enjoyed forty-five minutes of bell ringing. Five women, who call themselves the Paul Revere Bell Ringers, played several selections with bells of different sizes.

TEEN AGE BOOK CLUB

Again this year students have had the opportunity to purchase paper bound books through the Teen Age Book Club. The books cost twenty-five cents or thirty-five cents each and a student receives one free book for each four he buys. The purposes of the club are to encourage students to read; to foster an interest in books and a desire to own books; and to provide a source of books for group readings. No monetary profit to the school or to any individual results from the club. Through March, 57 students had purchased or obtained free a total of 558 books. This is an average of slightly less than 10 books per student. At the present rate these students will have obtained 750 books, or an average of 13 books each, by the end of the year.

Some of these books have been purchased to read for a book report or book test. The books assigned as class readings in grades seven, eight, nine, or ten include Anna and the King of Siam, Stars in My Crown, A Night to Remember, Man Against Nature, Red Fox, Stephen Crane Stories, Kon-Tiki, Up from Slavery, Lost Horizon, The Hidden Treasure of Glaston, Treasure Island, The Red Badge of Courage, and Death Be Not Proud. Plans include adding Huckleberry Finn and Seventeen to this list. From another source an abridged version of Great Expectations has been used as a class reading also. The juniors and seniors have read A Tale of Two Cities and The Return of the Native. In addition to the class readings, many students, particularly college course students and more advanced readers, have been assigned reports on books they have chosen from lists of famous books.

Maureen Baldwin
Senior Class



SNAPSHOTS

Linda

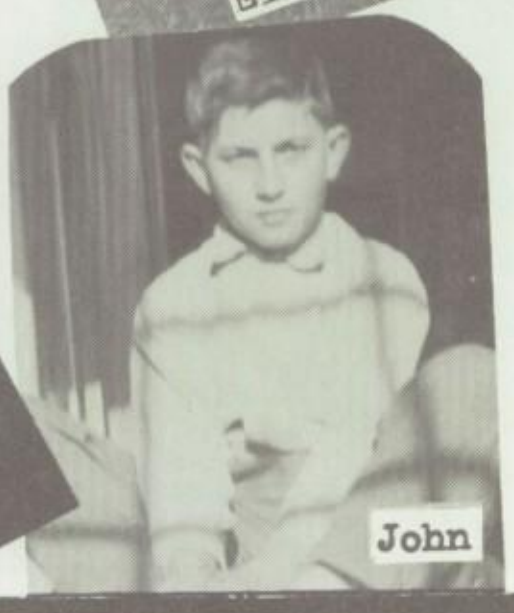
Just Good Friends

Junior High Play

Donna

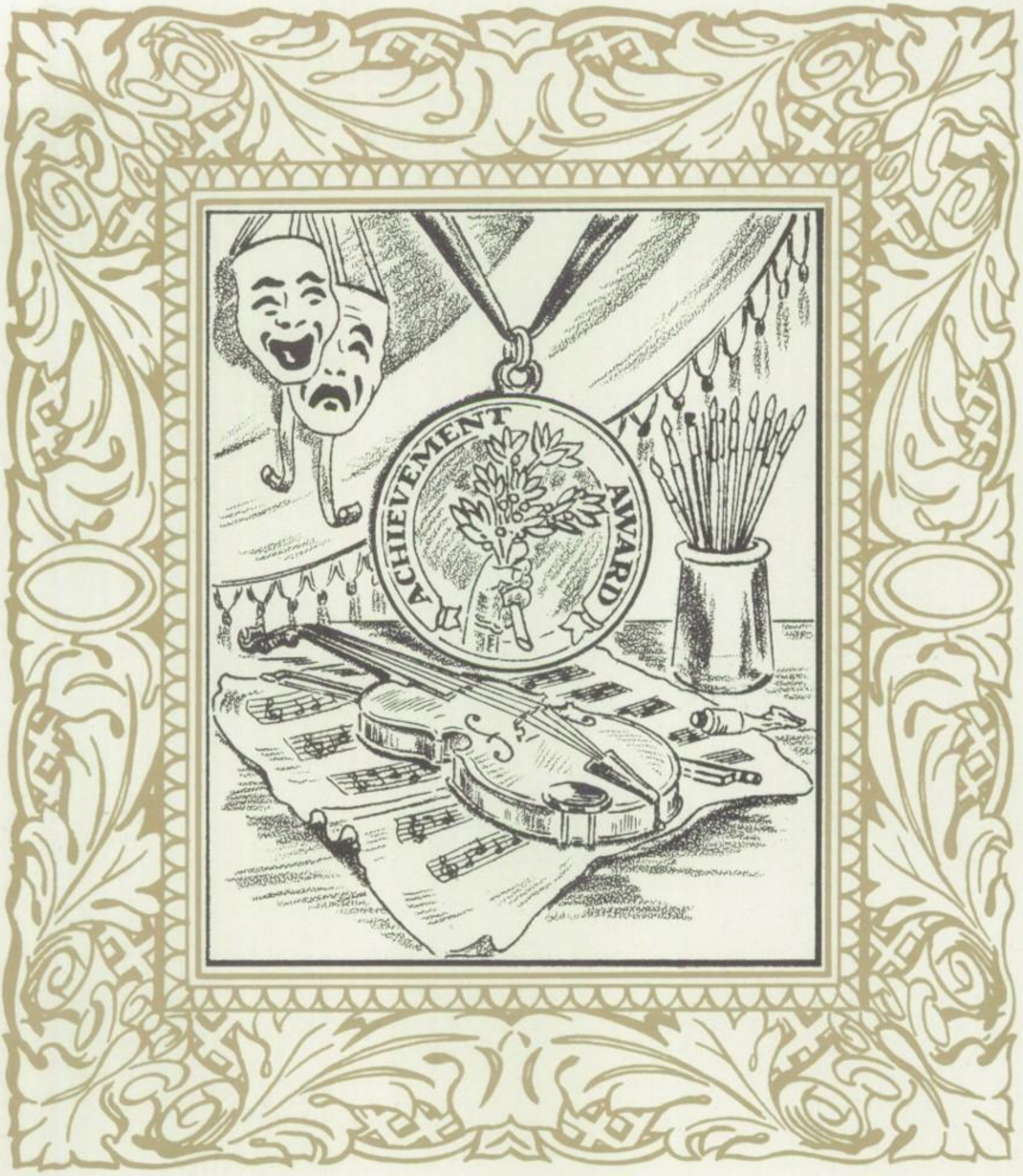
Raving Beauties(?)

Elaine



John

Linda



HONORS

HONORS AND AWARDS

1956 Graduation

At the graduation exercises held last year on June 11 the following awards were given:

1. For the highest marks in the academic courses, Janice Peaslee was given $25, and for the second highest marks, Charline Kelley was given $15.

2. For outstanding ability in spelling, Charles Kelley (grades 7-8), Rexyne Lawson (grades 9-10), and Elaine Elliott (grades 11-12) were given a certificate.

3. The Elks Award of $150 was given to Janice Peaslee.

4. For showing the greatest improvement in English, Ann Finnen was given an award of $5. This award was given by Mr. and Mrs. Donald Fisher in memory of the late Sarah Lord Eaton, who had given this award anonymously for many years.

5. For outstanding citizenship, Janice Peaslee was given a pin and a citation by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Janice had also attended a special D.A.R. meeting in Boston.

6. For the highest average in mathematics and sciences, Janice Peaslee was given the Phillip E. Arnold award of $5.

7. Janice Peaslee, as class valedictorian, was given a year's subscription to Reader's Digest by the publishers.

1956-1957 Awards

1. For selling over $25 worth of magazine subscriptions the following received citations from the Crowell--Collier Publishing Company: Jeffrey Amidon, Raymond Dorow, Mildred Edwards, William Ellsworth, Ronald Hosley, John Iott, Linda Johnson, Lawrence Nelson, Linda Perkins, Robert Perkins, Stephen Sperry, and Rebecca Swope. For selling the most magazine subscriptions Jeffrey Amidon received a citation and a plaque. He sold $55.50 worth.

2. Hermas Swope, David Buell, and William Ruby were picked but could not attend Boys' State.

3. Hermas Swope was elected by the high school students as a representative for Good Government Day.

4. At the Freshman Sport Dance on March 22 this year's basketball awards were not given because they had not arrived. Those to receive the awards were named as follows. Of the boys' team Larry Buell, Richard Clark, Allen Knapp, William Ruby (manager), and George Smith will receive letters; David Buell and Hermas Swope will receive stars.

Of the girls' team Alice Dorow (manager), Carolyn Elliott, Ellen King, Katherine La Pointe, Doris Russell, and Michaele Thayer will receive letters; Gail Peaslee and Patricia Thayer will receive stars.

Kenneth Lambert
Junior Class

GRANDMOTHER'S THANKSGIVING DAY

Grandmother's memories of Thanksgiving Day
Are interesting for me to hear;
She recalls the preparation for days before
And relatives coming from far and near.

The fattening up of the turkey they raised
And his doom on the old chopping block.
The stuffin' and bakin' that was really a fête,
And a careful watch of the big kitchen clock.

The "taters," and onions, and turnips and squash
Were raised on Great Grandfather's farm.
There'd be butter to churn and cheese to make
And plenty of milk from the cows in the barn.

Great Grandmother sang as she started to bake
A dozen or more of pies.
There'd be cranberry, pumpkin, apple and mince--
For these she could win a prize.

Suet pudding, of course, and fruit and pork cakes
Were a must in Grandmother's day;
And Indian pudding topped with lots of whipped cream.
Too much of these caused your "tummy" to ache.

Everything was ready, and steaming and hot.
Hark! The jangling of sleigh bells drew near.
Through the glistening snow came the horse and the sleigh,
And soon aunts and uncles and cousins appeared.

Great Grandfather said grace, as the heads bowed to pray,
And thanked God for the blessings He gave.
The turkey was carved and everyone laughed.
Oh, what a joyous Thanksgiving Day!

Gail Peaslee
Senior Class

FUTURE

If in ninety years or so
There shall never be more snow;
If atom bombs have made a wreck
Of every single living speck;
And if God should think it queer
For man to end the brave career
Of all the living beings
That ever thought of singing--
Then God might ask if man were worth
The time he spent upon this earth.

David Johnson
Grade Eight

A CITY HUNTER'S THOUGHTS

Ah! A pretty good day for hunting. There might be enough snow for tracking if it doesn't melt. Warm up here for this time of year they say.

Boy! I hope I get a deer. It'll serve these natives right for calling me a stupid city hunter. I'll show them! Let's see, have I got everything--gun, knife, lunch, cigarettes, matches--oops, almost forgot my shells. I'm off!

I've been climbing this hill for a long time. What's that? Oh, just a bird in a bush. See, I didn't shoot. I'm no stupid hunter. I'll show 'em. Say, this looks like a track. Ya, here's another. I'm on a trail! It goes up and to the right. I'll get him if this snow stays. Boy, I'll bet he weighs two hundred pounds.

It seems like I've been going full tilt for two miles and that old deer is still going. But the temperature is going up and if I don't find him soon, I'll probably never find him. Just wait 'till I come in with a big, two hundred fifty pound buck. Those old country hicks won't call me "city hunter" then.

Well, look at this, right on top of the ridge. He is following right along the top, too. This snow is going fast. It is getting harder to track him. Oh, oh! I hope he doesn't go down the east side of this hill, where there's no snow. Mmmm, must be about noon; time to eat. I can't eat though. I'll lose the deer if I do. I'll eat a little on the way, however. Now where did the trail go to? Ah, here it is.

There he is and he's a big one. Look at him there on that ledge. But he's too far off for an accurate shot; I'll try to close in. He hasn't moved. Damn that stick! Now he's gone! Well, maybe I can pick his trail up again.

No luck! Where is that blasted trail? Dang it all, might as well give up. What are they going to say now, city hunter? Better be getting back; only a couple hours left before sunset.

Maybe I'll have another chance. Sure wish I had shot that buck. He must have weighed four hundred pounds. Well, I hope those hicks remember that we all can't be lucky. Say, is this the way home? Oh, ya! To the right. I'd better step on it or it'll be dark.

All this day's work and I muff my only chance. Oh, oh! This doesn't look familiar. Gosh, I guess I've been thinking too much about the buck and not where I've been going. I can't follow my trail back--no snow. Now let's see; I came down the hill and into the valley, but where then? What am I going to do? I must have come that way; that hill looks familiar.

Here I stand on top of this hill, but now where? I can't see very well any more--sun's down. But that stand of pine looks like the one I came through earlier.

Whoa here! Catch my breath. This isn't right either. Now I am good and lost. Oh, what am I going to do? No bed, no fire, no food! Why didn't I stay home?

Yike! That noise! A bear maybe! Let me out of here!

Stop! Now city hunter what's the idea of panicking like that? You're lost. There is no bear. Calm down. Think your way out of this. Light up a cigarette.

It's too dark to go on; so I'll build a fire and sleep it out. There now, since I know what I'm doing, I feel better. I'll show those hicks. Anyone can get lost. But I'm not the kind to panic. Just build a fire and

wait.

Boy, you are a pretty good guy. Track a deer over rough terrain; stay out in the woods all night, roughing it--yes sir, you are a man!

The sun is coming up at last. What a miserable night. Ooooh! I'm so cold, damp, stiff and hungry! Now to get back to camp.

Say what's this? Oh no! Look at that! The ridge where the buck stood. I've circled the hill. Now how could I have gotten so mixed up? But now I'm no longer lost. Whew! What a relief!

Yep, just as I thought--I zigged when I should have zagged. Camp sure looks good. Say, looks like someone got a deer. Tag says Albert Hickenrooper--one of the hicks.

What are those guys saying? Al got the deer up on the ridge after tracking one of the city hunters? He couldn't find the city hunter? Well, I'll be danged--my deer. Well, more power to him. Mmmmm, buck can't weigh more'n a hundred pounds. Good thing I didn't get him--have to save something for the hicks.

Hermas Swope
Senior Class

GETTING UP IN THE MORNING

I find it a bit hard to get up in the morning, mostly because I'm a heavy sleeper. When my mother tries to get me up, I lie down again (after she's gone, of course) and say to myself, "She won't mind if I stay in bed five minutes longer." About that time my father calls in and asks if I'm up. I call back and say, "Of course I'm up." Then I jump up, sit on the side of the bed, grab the nearest piece of clothing and start putting it on just as my father walks in. After he goes out, I lie down again for a few minutes. After all that, I get up, get dressed and washed, and go downstairs to breakfast. When I get down there and sit down, everything seems normal, until I ask for something, look up and discover my father is missing. I ask Mother where he is, and she smiles and says he's probably up in bed.

Stephen Sperry
Grade Eight

THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE

The Devil has won again,
In payment for the Sin,
He sent to the world TV,
To bother you and me.
From homework and play it keeps,
And food and the peace of sleep.
O Savior, from this poor state,
That's like the plague's black fate,
Please save us!

Hermas Swope
Senior Class

OBITUARY TO A FROG

This is an obituary to a frog--a granddaddy frog who was pretty well along in years when he died. Our frog's name was Joel, but for short we'll call him Joe. Every spring Joe used to sit upon his favorite log and add his two cents worth of throat work to the vast chorus that already lived at his mudhole. During the years Joe had lived at the mudhole, he had witnessed many strange things and had also learned a sizable amount for an old frog. Therefore he used to be called upon as "wise old Joe."

Because Mr. Joe had been so handsome in his early years, he had had a great many wives. The fact is he had had so many that he couldn't keep track of them all. A good many of them lived in his mudhole, but he suspected that several had wandered off to remarry.

Mr. Joe had lived a good, rich life. But he had one very big and bad habit. He liked to eat. Why, some say that they had seen him eat as many as ten grasshoppers and then still be looking for more food. There is nothing wrong with eating, or even eating to excess, if you can afford it.

A few years before Mr. Joe's death, a thing happened that is bound to happen to any glutton. He got fat. He got so fat that he could hardly swim. This habit that Joe had was the sure cause of his death. I'll tell you about it.

One day as Mr. Joe was bathing in the sun, he saw a giant grasshopper jump into the water accidentally. Immediately he gulped the grasshopper down. Soon after another fell in and then another and another. Mr. Joe soon made short work of them all.

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Joe took it into his head to take a hop. So he paddled across the mudhole and off into the woods. Because he wasn't used to hopping every day and because he had a belly full of grasshoppers, he wasn't able to go further than ten feet from the shore. After Mr. Joe had stopped for a few minutes, he fell into a deep sleep, as a fat, exhausted frog would.

It seemed that Teddy, the hawk-eyed hawk, was making his way over the place where Mr. Joe lay fast asleep. Teddy loved frogs and with this old fat fool asleep right under his nose he couldn't miss. I won't tell you the rest because you know what happens to fat frogs who can't run.

There is a moral to this story. Fat frogs shouldn't hop away from the water and into the woods with a belly full of grasshoppers. It could be dangerous.

David Buell
Senior Class

A Sinking Boat

Once I was on a boat,
And I was eating a hamburg.
The boat ran into an iceberg.
In the side of the boat it
made a big hole
And the water was coming in
the hole.
Some men started up some pumps,
But the water was coming in too
fast for the pumps.

So they got the lifeboats ready,
And held them steady
For the children and women,
Then the men.
And then they paddled with the oars,
Until they got to the shore
Where they could put their feet on
the land,
On the beach sand.

Teddie Bassett
Grade Eight

INCIDENT IN THE NORTH WOODS

After finishing his crude supper, Duncan tossed some wood on his campfire and crawled into his sleeping bag to escape the bitter cold. He lay there looking up at the snow-laden limbs of the towering pines and he thought.

Duncan Cross had been born in Bingington, Washington. His father had moved up here to the North Woods when Duncan was twelve years old, and had died eight years later, after making a small gold strike. With the income from the gold, his father had sent Duncan to engineering school for two years, but with his father's death Duncan had left school to work the claim and to take care of his mother. Shortly after, he accepted an offer from a big mining company of the job of mining engineer. He then sold the claim to a neighbor for a good price, and left his mother in Dawson for the winter while he braved the cold trip to the location of the new mine, one hundred miles away.

Duncan's natural good breeding, his education, and his outdoor life were reflected in his tall stature, fair complexion, fine talk, and manly bearing. As a boy, Duncan had loved the woods and the North Woods especially. He liked good books and loved poetry. His love for nature had grown stronger as he grew older.

He was enjoying the stillness of the night and thinking of the fine job that lay ahead. He would work hard, take his mother back to the States, finish his education and return, never to leave these wonderful North Woods. He certainly looked forward to the full life which he imagined lay before him.

As he fixed the fire for the night he heard the distant howl of a wolf. This turned his thoughts to the rough winter that had set upon the countryside. The deer were starving, along with all the other game that didn't hibernate. Because of the deep snow, even the wolves were hungry. Then with a silent prayer Duncan fell asleep.

He awoke once or twice to replenish the fire. But shortly after midnight he was startled out of his slumber by the howls of a wolf pack. Normally they would not disturb him, but these were close. He lay there quite still trying to figure how far away they were. Upon deciding that they were just a little way off and coming closer, he crawled from his bed, checked his gun, and started to build up the fire. As he looked up from the fire, he saw the hideous green eyes of the wolves staring at him. They were silently encircling the camp, building up courage to attack a man. But as Duncan knew, their fear of fire would keep them back. As the fire grew brighter, Duncan relaxed his grip on the rifle.

Ten minutes passed before one of the wolves moved into the firelight and offered himself as a good target. Just as Duncan fired, something startled him so that he missed his target. The next instant all was black. The snow in the limbs above had been warmed by the fire and had fallen into it, putting it out. The pack rushed in. Duncan shot at the charging leader, wounding him. The howls of the leader and the sound of the rifle report checked the assault. Taking advantage of this, Duncan grabbed his snowshoes and ran. As he ran, he heard the pack kill their wounded leader and begin to devour the carcass.

He ran until he was nearly exhausted, and then he stopped to put his snowshoes on. Soon he came to a brook where, because of the current and the snow, the ice wasn't very thick. He felt trapped. To stay or to turn back both meant certain death from the wolves. To cross the stream meant possible safety from the pack as they couldn't catch him in the deep snow. But would the ice hold him? The howls of the pack told him that they were after him again. Panic seized him. He moved onto the ice and, finding that it held him, he started across. As he approached the center of the stream, the ice gave way and Duncan disappeared beneath its surface. --------Hermas Swope
Senior Class

FAMILIES ARE UNREASONABLE

Honestly! I just can't understand families. They are so unreasonable. Just because I asked Dad if I could have the car to go to the movies, he practically yelled my head off. And his only reason for not letting me have the car was that I had taken it the last three nights. Heavens! If it isn't important to go to a basketball game and visit with my girlfriends, what is important? How was I supposed to know Dad had an important meeting one of those nights?

Well, I couldn't go to the movies, and to show you further how unreasonable families are let me tell you about my brother. He's in college and does he think he's something! The last time he was home, which was at Christmas time, I borrowed one of his shirts to wear with my blue jeans. I went over to my girlfriend's house and her brother, who has an old car, was in the garage working on it. So I thought I'd help him. Anyway, when I got home my brother happened to see me with his shirt on and he nearly had a fit. It seems I had gotten a little grease on his old shirt. How was I supposed to know that it was his favorite and that his girl had given it to him for Christmas? Boy! Did I get a talking to!

Talk about unreasonable people! If a prize were given to the person who was the most unreasonable, my mother would win. The other day my girlfriend and I decided to bleach our hair. We spent all our money on the bleach and just as we were getting ready to use it, my mother came into the bathroom where we were and asked us what we were doing. When I said we were going to bleach our hair, she let out a scream and grabbed the bleach and poured it down the sink. Then she really bawled us out. I guess mothers don't like daughters with bleached hair.

Honestly! I just can't understand families. They're so unreasonable--as you can see.

Patricia Thayer
Senior Class

ODE TO ROCK AND ROLL

Youth now is "hep" to a new fad,
That frazzles the nerves of Mom and Dad.
They've got a "kick" on rock and roll,
And said good-bye to Nat King Cole.

This crazy music has a beat
That's apt to make them stamp their feet.
From Maine to Texas, coast to coast,
They really dig this beat "the most."

And so, though parents fuss and fret,
It's sure to be here a long while yet,
To wear the nerves of Mom and Dad,
And make the rock and rollers glad.

Sandra Barnes
Junior Class

THE SQUIRRELS

Did you ever walk in the woods and just stop for a moment to listen? One day I walked into a grove of pines and sat down. It was quiet, oh so ghostly quiet. As I sat in solitude, surrounded by the giant, phantom pines, I realized that I wasn't alone. I had two companions. I didn't really want any company at that time but this company was all right. I just wished that I could have translated their chattering into the English language, because it would have been interesting I know.

These two friends of mine (squirrels, if you have not yet guessed) added a focus of intense animation to that spot. The sun's rays shone through the pines, and the soft breeze swayed their tall figures so slightly that one might think the breeze came from human lips themselves. If I were in a deep sleep and awoke to find myself in this place, I think I would believe I was in heaven. As I sat in the solitude with my two friends, I wondered about the troubles of man and the troubles of a squirrel. What cares did a squirrel have compared with those of a man? As the squirrels played in the sun, I admired them for their grace and their seemingly carefree life. But as the squirrels continued to romp in the pines, their red brother appeared on the scene. Immediately my two friends started to scold him and he chased them through the pines. This little episode made me think of man and his troubles. The gray squirrels symbolized man; the red squirrel symbolized the troubles that come into man's life. As I got up to leave, all three disappeared and the spot became quiet once more.

David Buell
Senior Class

DAY'S END — 1800

Red sunset reflects on distant hills,
And wheels stop in nearby mills.
The air is crisp; the sky is clear.
The food is scarce for many a deer.

In the mill the stove grows cold,
And in the shadows the mice grow bold.
The water stops running over the wheel.
Ice forms until the grinding of meal.

The snow sparkles in the moonshine.
The ice is smooth and reflects the pine.
The miller goes to his nearby home,
While wolves go on their nightly roam.

The mill is dark except for moonlight.
The mice run, but their noise is slight.
A rabbit screams as an owl catches it.
The mice hear, halt, and trembling sit.

Robert Clark
Junior Class

WINTER THOUGHTS

This morning when I awoke, my room was freezing cold.
It made me think of days gone by, and stories often told.
I lay there shivering and tried to pretend what it must have been
To have lived in a cabin, where the snow came sifting in.
No furnace heat of coal or oil, just wood upon the hearth.
Too cold to change my underwear or even take a bath.
And then I got a better house, but Jack Frost still got inside
And froze the pump and sink drain, and even clothes that hadn't dried.
And though the stove could warm me, it was one side at a time.
When I was warm in front, I never was behind!

Ah! Now my room was warmer; Dad turned up the thermostat.
No more thoughts of "good old days"--quite enough of that--
It wasn't 1867. I was really getting silly;
I forgot to turn on my electric blanket;
That's why I was so chilly!

Helen Knapp
Sophomore Class

INTELLIGENT PROGRESSION

Just as thoughts and deeds make character,
The past and present determine the future.
The quality of each disclosed in time
Will increase development of men's minds.
Traditional acceptance means less to be gained,
When studying knowledge of a wide range.
Language unsimplified, expression slowed down,
Units of measure founded on a traditional ground,
Supression by those who claim superiority,
Lack of willingness to resist the majority,
Intolerance and ignorance enjoyed by the lowly,
All mean that progress progresses more slowly.
Simplicity and knowledge of many kinds
Will increase development of men's minds,
That in time we may be more civilized,
And lose our fear to criticize.
Nothing is too good to be improved,
And many things could be removed.
Then we could develop more rapidly,
With precise knowledge learned increasingly.

Robert Clark
Junior Class

MY POOR PARENTS

I made a grand,howling entrance into this wide, wonderful world by way of Worcester, Massachusetts, on a Thursday morning. It was my father's birthday and I don't think he ever had any idea that my mother would present him with such an ugly, shriveled birthday present as I was. Both he and Mother seemed to take a liking to me immediately and from that day on they seemed to shower me with lots of love and kisses. I guess I should have been born a boy though, for I never enjoyed their "gushing" all over me and I used to squirm and yell and show them what strong healthy lungs I had.

One day Mother and I left the hospital and went to live in a house with my father. Upon arriving there, I found to my disappointment that I had a sister, who had beaten me by making her grand entrance into the world just a year before. She proved to be a nosey and inquisitive thing and it seemed that every time I'd open my eyes, I'd see her peeking over my bassinet or carriage and carrying on a conversation in a language that I had never heard before. Heavens, couldn't she speak like other human beings? But you know it wasn't long before I was talking in the same language and she was gradually beginning to sound more like my mother and father. Oh, well, I guess there were a lot of funny things going on in this mysterious world that I had picked to live in.

I gradually gained weight and by the time I was a year old, I was a round roly-poly. Until then I was quite bald but little by little Mother's hopes were raised when she discovered that perhaps some day I would have hair like normal children.

I continued to grow and talk and one day I even found that I could walk. I also learned how to fight with my sister, whom I had decided by this time was a permanent fixture around our house. We were always getting into mischief but she was the quiet type and seemed to be able to get out of things, whereas I was noisy and clumsy and I was the one who got caught. I never tattled on her though, but I used to think Mother was awfully dumb not to know the things that were going on.

Mother had a really hard time trying to keep shoes on me. Most of the time was spent in Mother's putting them on and my taking them off. Even in winter she would look out and see me trudging through the snow barefoot. As a result, I developed some pretty tough pedal extremities.

Another headache I caused my mother was my fondness for dogs. Every dog in the neighborhood knew me and I knew every dog. Mother thought nothing of having five or six extra guest canines for dinner. But it was another thing when they all started yelping at once.

Well, I've finally managed to struggle through seventeen years of my life and whether or not Mother has enjoyed struggling with me, I think I'll stick around for a while longer.

Gail Peaslee
Senior Class

MY NOOK

I have a favorite nook.
It's under a pine tree
Near a brook
Under a log
Around the bend
And over a bog.

--Stephen Sperry
Grade Eight

MAKING A SOAP-BOX RACER

I like to make soap-box racers. Although I've made only two, I'd like to save the instructions for posterity. You will need the following materials: nails, hammer, an abundance of extra fingers, boards, wheels, axles, two wooden boxes, and tweezers (for pulling out slivers). Now you're ready to start, except for a bag full of cuss words such as "gol dang it," "sugar on a rag," "son-of-a-gun," "oh shoot," etc.

Next you nail the biggest box onto the front of the biggest board as follows. Lay the box on the end of the board which will be in front. Warm up with a few cuss words as you survey the impossible job of driving nails into the corners. Whack the first nail on the head and cuss as you bend the nail, skin your knuckles, and hit your finger. Pull out the nail and cuss as you scrape your knuckles when it comes. Straighten the nail and try again. It goes in. Pat yourself on the back. You're a big man. You raise the hammer for another John Henryish blow. Swing! Why won't it come down? You look up and see that you've hooked Mom's indoor clothes line and ripped it half out. You fix the line and start tapping the nail in. Then your brilliant little brother comes in and asks you why you don't hit it harder. You tell him to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge and then send him after your best left-handed monkey wrench.

The next step is nailing the rear box on. First put it the desired length from the front box, to give you room for your legs. You bend over to get a nail and cuss when your brother comes in and knocks the nails over and spreads them in a sheet across the floor. Then he watches you pick them up and leans on the box, knocks it over, falls down, and starts crying. Now you have Mom to contend with. Now that she has found you, she wants the rubbish emptied, your bed made, your room picked up, and some signs painted.

After you have finished your work, you think of all the cuss word you can, go down to the cellar, and then use them, kicking apart the lopsided bunch of kindling and swearing never to start a soap-box racer again. The next day you get out all your tools and start again.

Michael Flood
Grade Eight

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is a busy time.
Everyone sends cards in rhyme.
We all rush and buy presents.
For Mom, a sweet essence,
Which costs thirty-five cents a gallon.
Sister wants a prize stallion.
Brother wants a convertible car.
Dad wants, in golf, a score under par.
Now how are you supposed to get
All the things on which they're set?
If I had the rank,
I'd send the army to rob a bank.

Michael Flood
Grade Eight

HORSES AND BOYS

Horses and boys, boys and horses!
I think I will go insane.
Day in and day out, day out and day in,
Through sleet and snow and rain!

Boys and horses, horses and boys!
They make my life a mess.
Shoes and rubbers, rubbers and shoes--
Who needs them most? You guess!

It's the boys and the horses, the horses and boys,
Dear Ginger and Duchess, the mare!
My dreams are full of horses and boys,
That whinny and neigh and shout.
I'm alone in a barn, in a barn all alone.
Please come and let me out!

Horses and boys, boys and horses!
All my dreams are <u>really</u> nightmares.
Everywhere I look (and I look everywhere)
They start, before I can even say my prayers.

Boys and horses, horses and boys,
All lined up in a long row!
They each give me a kick, a kick they each give,
And they whinny and laugh at each blow.

Horses and boys, boys and horses!
I guess it must be true--
They all look good, good they all look,
If they don't belong to you!

Boys make me sick; I'm sick of boys
(But only of my brothers).
And a prize winning horse, a horse winning a prize,
Sounds good when it belongs to others!

Helen Knapp
Sophomore Class

REMEMBERING

I was sitting in my favorite chair listening to Pat Boone's dreamiest ballad when the phone rang. If I had only let it ring, I wouldn't be sitting in this wheelchair.

"Hello."

"Hi Sue. This is Jeanie. Busy tonight?"

"I've got an English composition to write, but it can wait."

"Do me a favor?"

"Sure, if I can."

"Well, Brad and I were going dancing but his cousin arrived and fouled everything up. I was wondering if you'd care to go out with him."

"I'll try anything once. What's he like?"

"He's kind of wild. You know, sort of the small town Brando type. But he's got a wonderful sense of humor. Is it a deal?"

"Sure. What time?"

"About seven."

"See ya."

At seven-fifteen Jeanie, Brad, Butch and I were on our way to Rutland's biggest dance hall, The Little Brown Derby. Every Saturday night they have a record hop with a well-known disk jockey and a guest singing star.

When we arrived, the joint was really jumping. The hall was packed. A dozen or so boys were outside smoking. They were clad in black denims and motorcycle boots. Some wore leather jackets. Others wore peajackets. Many wore large rings--the better to knock you out. The few who combed their hair at all had it combed back as a D.A.

A half hour was all we could stand at this place. Butch wanted to stay and pick a fight, but the rest of us were eager to find a pizza house. We found a wonderful restaurant and stuffed ourselves with pizza and cokes. It was only eight forty-five when we finished and Butch was by no means ready to go home.

We were riding towards Worcester, listening to Butch tell jokes, when he saw an old friend of his. We stopped to talk.

Butch introduced us to Paul and a character called Weasel. Paul owned a souped up '49 Ford convertible. He, also, was quite wild and suggested that we have a drag race.

I didn't exactly approve, but I was thirty miles from home and practically broke; so I didn't complain. And anyway, what's wrong with a drag race, I thought.

We found a level strip of road and lined up. The windows were rolled down and we heard Weasel shout, "We're off." We raced to a designated peach orchard, with Paul in the lead all the way. Butch was burning up. It was the first time he had lost a drag race.

"You nitwit!" Butch shouted. "What's the matter with ya? This car can go twice as fast as that!"

"You're the nitwit," Brad retorted. "He was doing sixty. You want to crack up?"

"Let me drive! I'm not going to let you ruin my reputation."

"But I suppose you don't mind ruining my car! All right, but if we crack up, you'll get the worst of it."

Car doors slammed as Butch and I got into the front seat. Paul came back and stopped beside us.

"How about another drag race?" Paul said.

"Aw, that's kid stuff. But I'm game for chicken. What do ya say?"

"Well, it's very dangerous, ya know."

"What are ya, a sissy or somethin'?"

"I am not! Let me get around that corner, then come at me. We'll see who the sissy really is."

Brad was very angry. He said, "Are you crazy? I don't care about you, but you're not going to risk Sue's and Jeanie's lives."

Butch was getting nervous. "I can't turn back now. I'll be the laughing stock of Worcester County."

"Let me drive. After all, it's my car."

"Sit down. This isn't very dangerous. Paul's such a sissy; he'll turn off first."

"How can you be sure?"

"I just know. There's the signal."

Two headlights were coming at us at a terrific speed. Butch had a determined look on his face. Just to look at him was bad enough, but then the thought struck me a terrific blow: What if Paul doesn't chicken out? What if Butch doesn't chicken out? Another look at him and I was sure he wouldn't. Brad was swearing, Jeanie was crying and I was too scared to do anything. I heard Jeanie scream and then everything went black.

I gained consciousness and looked about. I was lying in a welter of arms, legs, and crushed metal. I was numb from my waist to my toes. I heard Jeanie moan and then I blacked out again.

I regained consciousness next in a hospital. Mom and Dad were beside me. Mom was crying and Dad never looked more grim.

"Why?" I asked.

"Why what?" Mom said.

"Why am I here? Why are you crying, and why isn't Jeanie here?"

"You're here because your legs are crushed to---to---." Mom broke down.

Dad said, "Sue, you'll never walk again. Nor will Jeanie, Brad or Butch."

"They're legs are crushed, too?" I asked.

"Worse than that. They're dead."

Sandra Barnes
Junior Class

A CONVERSATION

A conversation you shall hear,
Between two housewives full of cheer.

A telephone they shall use
To tell each other of the news.

They will talk about friends,
And trouble they shall mend.

So now we'll begin
To listen in.

"Hello! This is Peg.
How are you, dear Meg?"

"Fine, I guess.
My house, a mess."

"Lately, have you seen June?
She's to have her baby soon."

"That's fine, I am sure.
How can she stand any more?"

"Have you heard, have you,
About the family new?"

"What family new? In town?
I didn't know there was one around."

"All the time he is drunk,
And into the river he sunk."

"How do you know, Peg?"
"Inquired, friend Meg.

"Haven't time now. Got to go.
See you soon. Hope it doesn't snow."

The conversation was quite a "dill".
I'd like to read their telephone bill.

Rebecca Swope
Grade Eight

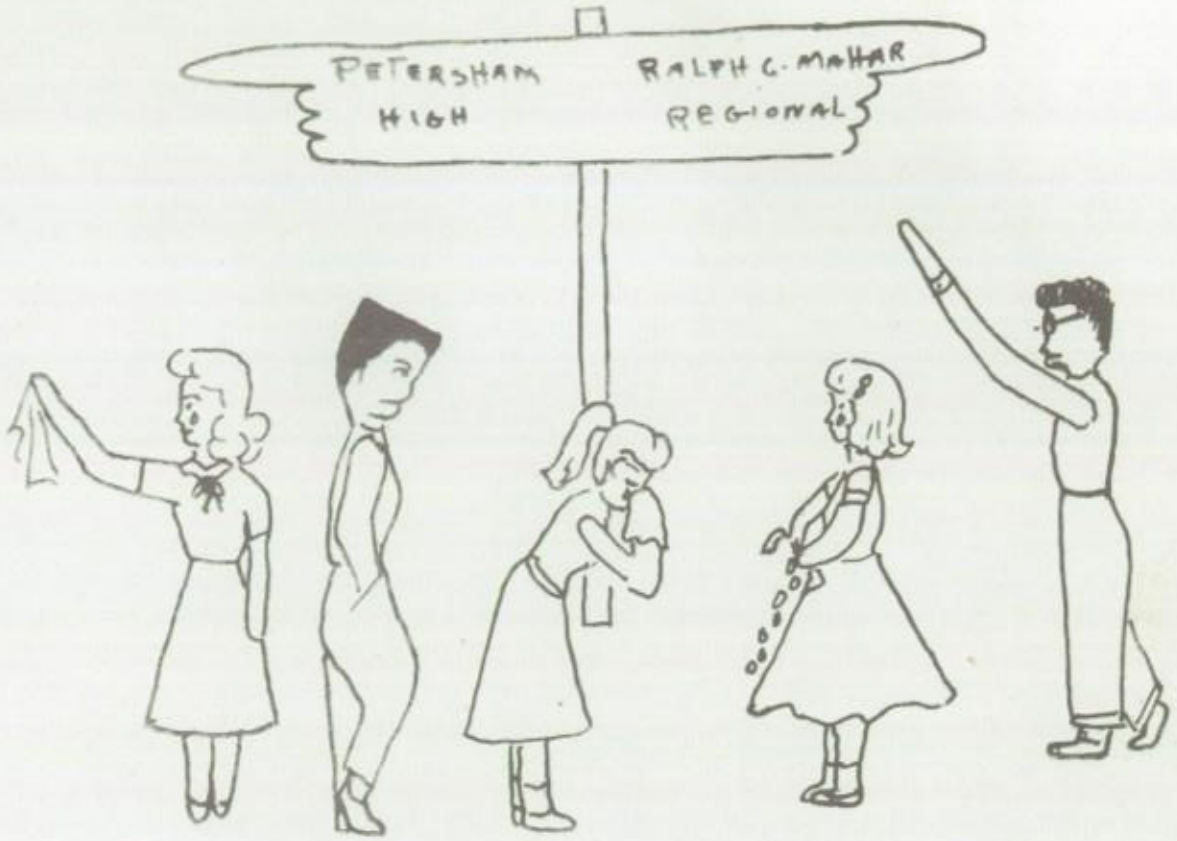
MY DREAM

I shall never stop,
On a bright or a gloomy day,
Until I get to the top--
To heaven's gateway.

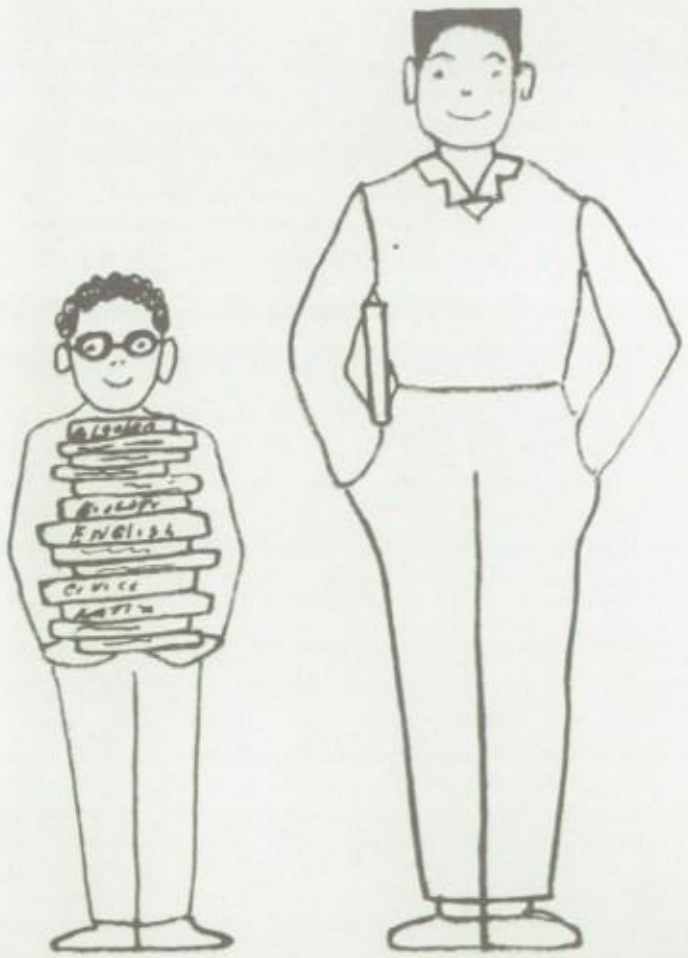
Then I shall find,
When I get there,
Some of all kinds,
As everywhere.

Their clothes will be bright,
As I've been told;
They'll look at Heaven's Light,
And hold haloes of gold.

--Katherine LaPointe
Grade Eight



FRESHMAN



SENIOR

— Judy Greanier
Freshman Class

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF--

Mrs. Crowson had some commercial equipment that worked?
Hermas got a B?
Elaine didn't like eggs?
Patty couldn't talk to Gail?
Mr. Hellen had a son?
Mickey couldn't flirt?
Sandy got up early in the morning?
Dicky Clark could comb his hair?
Bobby Clark couldn't comb his hair?
The boys won a basketball game?
Mr. Bagley couldn't get Channel 2?
Certain U. S. history students passed their papers in on time?
Dave came to school during deer season?
Kenneth was free with his money?
Joyce lost weight?
Alice was an only child?
Doris couldn't wrestle?
Helen couldn't watch "Bandstand"?
Mildred was talkative?
Rexyne couldn't go to the "Y" dances?
Earle was ever serious?
Mrs. Phillips lost her cats?
Ronnie couldn't go to Holden?
Maureen cut her hair?
June couldn't go to Hardwick on Saturday nights?
Sally couldn't giggle?
Gilly didn't care about cars?
Dougie didn't have any freckles?
Mr. Olson didn't require a notebook?
Judy Greanier couldn't wear her hair in a chignon?
Gail's mother didn't let her use the car?

Sandra Barnes
David Buell

MERELY FUN?

One day as I was driving
On a curvy, winding road,
The strong north wind was blowing
And the weather was very cold.

I came to an intersection
Where the light had just turned red.
I put on my brakes and stopped my car,
In back of the car ahead.

As we were stopped at the stoplight,
The other car and me,
Down the road side-by-side
Came a Ford and a Mercury.

Those boys passed us like crazy,
As if they were out of their minds.
But although they didn't know it,
There was a cruiser right behind.

Those boys don't live here anymore,
Or anywhere else, in fact.
They got killed in their friendly "drag race,"
With two cops as witnesses, at that.

Ronald Banks
Sophomore Class

WHO'S WHO

(with tongue in cheek)

Most Boastful	Joyce Lundgren	Raymond Dorow
Biggest Pest	Rexyne Lawson Judith Greanier	Douglas Vaughn
Most Flirtatious	Brenda Banks	Stuart Foster
Most Reliable	Judith Lambert	George Smith
Most Studious	Lois Nelson	Richard Russell
Most Versatile	June Hosley	Gilbert King
Wittiest	Sally Vickers	Raymond Hall
Best Singer	Gail Peaslee	Carl Adams
Most Reserved	Patricia Thayer	Ronald Banks David Buell
Most Talkative	Mildred Edwards	Richard Dorow
Most Ambitious	Michaele Thayer	Earle King
Best Dancer	Alice Dorow	Robert Clark
Most Punctual	Sandra Barnes	Kenneth Lambert
Most Mischievous	Maureen Baldwin	William Ruby
Most Lovable	Helen Knapp	Hermas Swope
Most Citified	Doris Russell	Robert Perkins
Most Serious	_____	Lloyd Upham Richard Clark
Most Frivolous	Elaine Elliott	_____

Sandra Barnes
David Buell

RAKING LEAVES

When you rake leaves,
You get them all in a pile
And get ready to take them away,
When all at once a gust of wind comes up.
You get mad and leave them until another day.
But you never get to that day.

Ronald Hosley
Grade Eight

SONG TITLE	REMINDS US OF
We're Gonna Move	Students of P.H.S.
Too Much	Homework
It Isn't Right	Report Cards
Learning My Latin	Latin Classes
Don't Forbid Me	College Entrance Exams
How Lucky You Are	Senior
Little by Little	Freshmen
Little Did I Know	Tests
Teenage Crush	Kenny and June
Who Needs You	Teachers (?)
Flying Saucers	Bobby Clark
Bad Boy	Dickie Clark
Don't Be Cruel	School Doctor
Rip It Up	"F" Papers
You Don't Owe Me a Thing	Hot Lunch Girls
I'm Walking	Carl A. and Dickie R.
No Hiding Place	Truant Officer
It's Been a Long, Long Time	Seniors
Typewriter Song	Fourth Period Typing
Chantez, Chantez	Glee Club
Come Rain or Shine	School Attendance
Ain't Misbehavin'	Pat, Gail, Sandy and Mickey
I Almost Lost My Mind	Teachers
Dear Elvis	Mickey Thayer
Gone	Mr. Robbins
Come Go With Me	Principal's Office
How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm	Doris Russell
There's Something About a Soldier	Patty Thayer
Margie	Dave Buell
Home	Two-fifteen

Statistics

NAME	CALLED	APPEARENCE	PASTIME	AMBITION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
Carl Adams	Carlie	Dark	Walking	The Navy	"All right, Raymond!"
Maureen Baldwin	Maureen	Jolly	Yacking	Nursing	"I mean ---"
Brenda Banks	Brenda	Quiet	Bruce D.	To be famous	"Ya know---"
Ronald Banks	Ronny	Mysterious	Getting laughs	To live in Holden	"No kidding."
Sandra Barnes	Sandy	Saintly	Sleeping	To drive a car	"Watch that stuff!"
David Buell	Dave	Rather tall	Food, girls, cars	To get that Ford on the road.	"Where's Banks?"
Richard Clark	Dickie	Impish	Clowning	To be ambitious	"This place gets me!"
Robert Clark	Bobby	Studious	Jet engines	To go to the moon	"Cut it out, Gail!"
Alice Dorow	Alice	Reserved	Managing	To be an old maid	"Candy, anyone?"
Raymond Dorow	Raymond	Devilish	Throwing things	To be a pitcher	"Duck!"
Richard Dorow	Richard	Reserved	Blushing	To get out of school	"Huh."
Mildred Edwards	Ticky	Contented	Smiling	To drive to Texas	"Get out of my way!"
Elaine Elliott	Elaine	Healthy	Collecting eggs	To raise chickens	"Nasty blast!"
Stuart Foster	Bucky	Hefty	Running from Ellen	To be caught by Ellen	"I don't care."
Judith Greanier	Judy	Petite	Allen	To go steady	"Oh, the pain!"
Raymond Hall	Ray	Round	Pestering	To fill his father's shoes	"I dunno."
June Hosley	June	Tomboyish	Hardwick	To be a square-dance caller	"Oh, stop that!"
Earle King	Earle	Handsome	"Y" dances	To make the grade	"But Mr. Bagley!"
Gilbert King	Gilly	Lively	His Nash	To own a '57 Nash	"I'll never buy a Ford."
Helen Knapp	Helen	Slim	Watching "Bandstand"	To live nearer town	"I love that Tony!"
Judith Lambert	Judy	Petite	Telephoning	To be chased by Allen	"How beastly!"
Kenneth Lambert	Kenny	Skinny	Following June	To be another "Reddy Kilowatt"	"Anyway, this radio-"
Rexyne Lawson	Rexyne	Cute	Trifilo's	To be a grocer	"Oh, no!"
Joyce Lundgren	Joyce	Slight	Daydreaming	To be chubby	"Oh, Brent!"
Lois Nelson	Lois	Shapely	Babbling	To live in Gardner	"What do ya know!"
Gail Peaslee	Gail	Lonesome	Arland	To become a Barnes	"Yeh, ah do."
Robert Perkins	Bobby	Country-boyish	Milking	To own his own farm	"Move, Bossy."
William Ruby	Bill	Cheerful	Helping	To graduate	"I'll do it."
Doris Russell	Dorie	Redheaded	Mowing lawns	To beat up Billy	"Quit it, Billy!"
Richard Russell	Dickie	Sporty	Growing sideburns	To get his Ford running	"Cool man!"
George Smith	Buzzy	"Real cool"	His horse	To own a livery stable	"Giddyup!"
Hermas Swope	Hermie	Nosey	To pursue learning	To be popular with girls	"Scientifically speaking---"
Michaele Thayer	Mickey	Mischievous	To learn pursuing	To meet Elvis	"Yeh, hey."
Patricia Thayer	Patty	Attractive	The other three	To rob Fort Knox	"They wouldn't dare!"
Lloyd Upham	Uppie	Roly-poly	Hunting	To raise pigs	"Just try it!"
Douglas Vaughn	Dougie	Cute	Counting freckles	To be freckle-less	"1--2--3--4."
Sally Vickers	Sally	Pained	Giggling	To be serious	"Hee haw, hee haw."

Sandra Barnes
David Buell

ALUMNI

Class of 1952

Ann Bryant is working at the Children's Hospital in Denver, Colorado.
Basil Coolidge is in the United States Air Force and is stationed in Sarasota Springs.
Alden Phillips is working in Athol and is living at home.
Carolyn Thayer is working at the Children's Hospital in Boston.
Robert Thayer is working in Athol and is living at home.
Ann (Yonker) Hyde is living in Petersham.

Class of 1953

Barbara (Barnes) Donahue is living in Albany, New York.
Nancy (Adams) Warrington is living in Petersham.
Marilee (Burnham) Johnson is living in Athol.
Marilyn (Edwards) Swenson is living in Barre Plains.
Betty Russell is in the Women's Army Corps. She is stationed at Fort Ord, California.

Class of 1954

Judith (Cooper) Donaldson is living in Laurel, Maryland.
Lee Cunningham is a student at Springfield College.
Carolyn Douthit is a student at the University of Massachusetts.
Wayne Elliott is working for his grandfather and living at home.
James Finnen is in the United States Navy and is stationed in Norfolk, Virginia.
Margaret (Lanoue) Akey is living in Athol.
Charlie Perkins is working in Athol and living in Templeton.
Clyde Perkins is living in New Berlin, New York.
Robert Recos is working in Athol and living in Petersham.

Class of 1955

Arthur Adams is working in Athol and living in Orange.
Marilyn Bryant is attending Becker Junior College, in Worcester.
Paul Clark is working in Vermont and is living at home.
Beverly Dorow is living in Barre.
Wilbar Dorow is working in the Athol Foundry and is living at home.
Mae Edwards is living in Petersham.
Frances Elliott is working in Gardner and is living at home.
Helen (Peltonen) Perkins is living in New Berlin, New York.
Dorothy Recos is attending Becker Junior College, in Worcester.
Roger Russell is in the United States Air Force and is stationed in New Hampshire.
Frances (Upham) St. Helaire is living in Petersham.
Gerald Wade is in the United States Navy and is stationed in Norfolk, Virginia.
Margaret Yonker is working in Athol and living at home.

Class of 1956

Claire (Anderson) Butler is working in Athol and living there.
Elaine Banks is working in Athol and is living at home.
Kay Burnham is working in Athol and is living at home.
Ann Finnen is working in Lynn and is living there.
Charline Kelley is a student at Clark University.
Paul LaPointe is working at Station W-A-R-E and is living at home.
Janice Peaslee is a student nurse at Burbank Hospital, in Fitchburg.
William Russell is working with his father and is living at home.

Class of 1932

Floy (Banks) Carey is living in Wendell.
Bernard Bryant is living in Florida.
Carrie (Buell) Bulshaw is living in Brookfield.
Grace (Coolidge) Barnes is living in Petersham.
Howard Davenport is living in Detroit, Michigan.
Wayne Elliott is living in Petersham.
John Finn is living in Boston.
Louise (Gray) Leary is living in California.
Alice (King) Greanier is living in Petersham.
Edmund Manjourea is living in South Deerfield.
George Nelson is living in Hudson.
Dorothy (Nelson) Vaidulas is living in Barre.
Margaret (Reid) Glancy is living in Barre.
Florence (Robinson) Powlen is living in Athol.

Elaine Elliott
Senior Class

IN MEMORIAM

A short time ago many people in Petersham were saddened by the news of the death of a former teacher, Nina Wadsworth.

I feel sure that many who read the article felt as I did, and for a few moments paused and thought of the days when we were in Miss Wadsworth's room.

When one of the senior girls came to me and asked what I could tell her about Miss Wadsworth, I felt that here was a chance to show respect to one whom so many loved and respected.

Miss Wadsworth ruled with an iron hand; that we all know. Many, perhaps, were familiar with the broad aisle. But many of us who knew her as she really was loved her greatly.

Too many teachers give their lives to their profession and when they die, all we hear is,"She taught in a certain school for forty years." Speaking now from a teacher's point of view, I feel that these teachers should be given more recognition after their giving a lifetime of service.

Miss Wadsworth came to Petersham in 1898 and stayed until 1907. After three years elsewhere, she was reappointed in Petersham in December, 1910, and taught in grades seven and eight until her retirement in 1939.

God puts us here on earth for a purpose. And when I think of Miss Wadsworth, this Bible verse comes to my mind: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Mrs. Hallberg

MISS WADSWORTH

This winter we received word of the death of Miss Nina Wadsworth at her home in Cornish, Maine. She had lived a long and useful life, dedicated to her teaching. Most of her teaching years were spent in Petersham Grammar School, although she had previous experience before coming here in January, 1898. Except for two years in the Orange schools, her teaching here continued until June, 1939, when she retired.

Her first years here were very satisfactory, as the superintendent of schools' report shows. To quote: "No intelligent visitor can spend an hour in the grammar room and not feel that a business air surrounds the pupils. That teaching is thorough, steady, and very painstaking is always apparent. Moreover discipline is excellent. It is true that this teacher receives the highest salary ($12.00 per week) of any of the teachers. But the results are worth double her salary. The work and influence of such a teacher can scarcely be overestimated." In a later report he wrote: "The work of this school is excellent. Years of indifferent experience have proven that only great firmness and constant persistence are able to obtain the results now apparent."

Those "results" remained "apparent" throughout the years. She taught at least two generations in many families, and in some possibly a third.

After retirement she visited Petersham several times and kept in touch with town affairs through letters, town reports, The Hilltop, and various programs sent her.

In 1954 she was not able to accept the invitation to attend Petersham's bicentennial celebration but was very pleased to be so remembered.

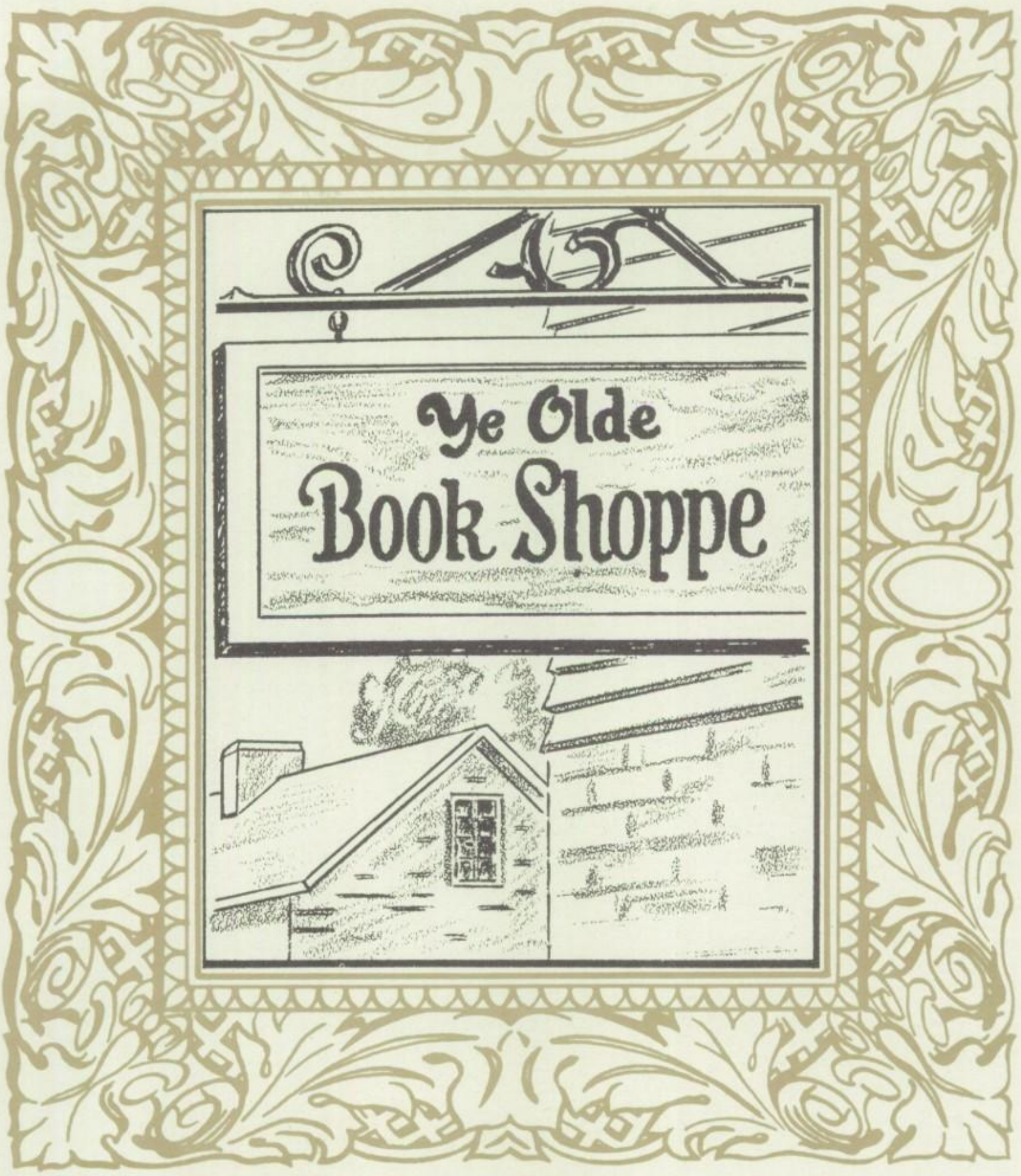
She was always cooperative in school affairs and positive in her work and encouragement of her pupils, who certainly remember her as a good guide and teacher.

(Mrs.) Emma Barnes

SKATERS' PLAY

The leaves have turned from gold to brown,
And frost has turned to stone the ground.
The lake has frozen hard and clear,
And skaters skim it swift as deer.
In gay, free joy they play their game,
Which falling, piling snow can tame.
But only then for just a while
Till all the snow's in one big pile,
And again the ice is clear and free
For yet another skating spree.

Hermas Swope
Senior Class



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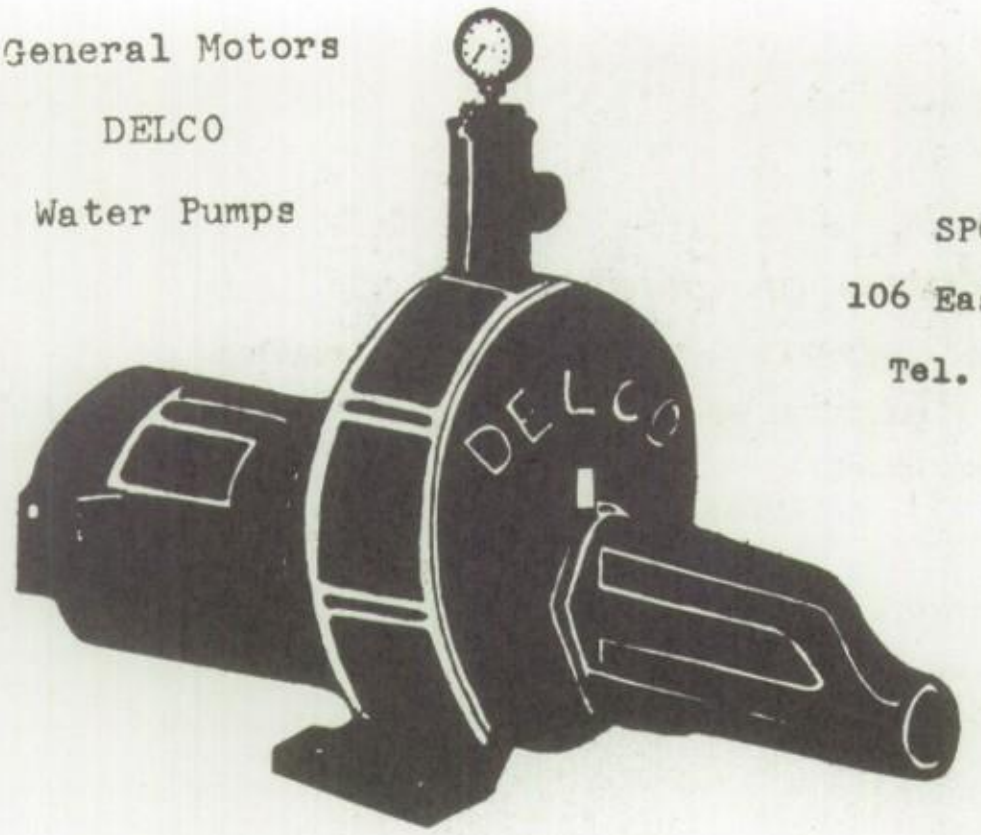

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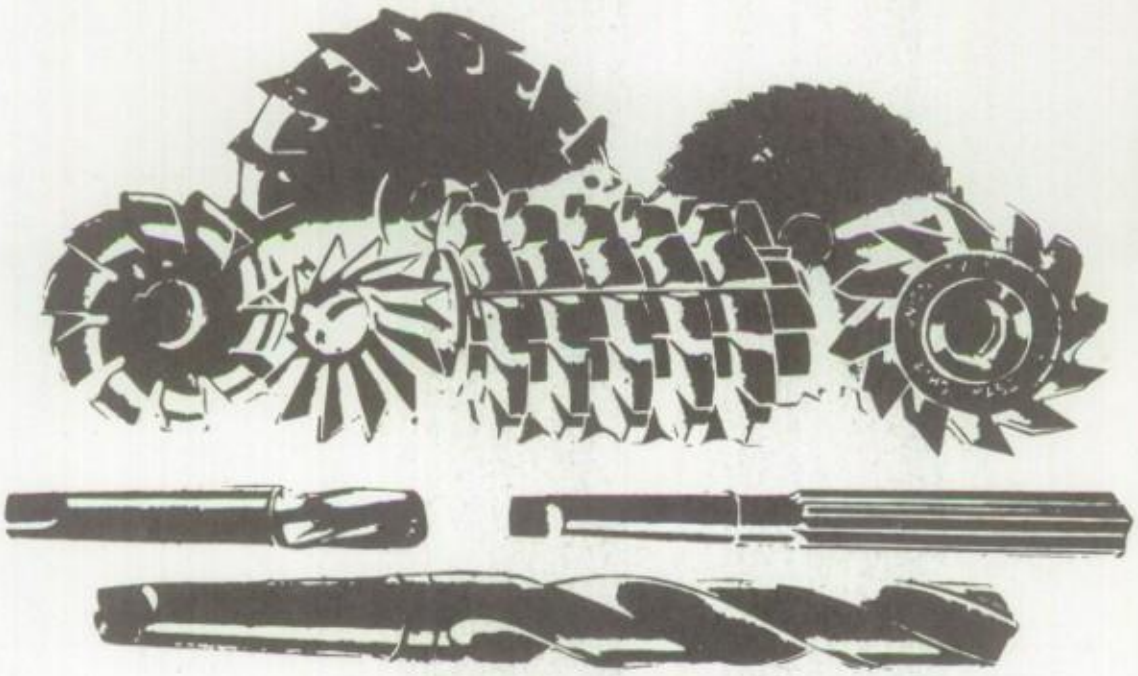

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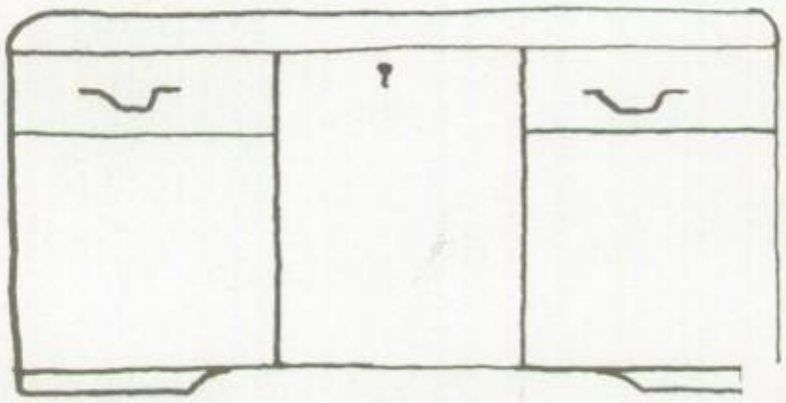

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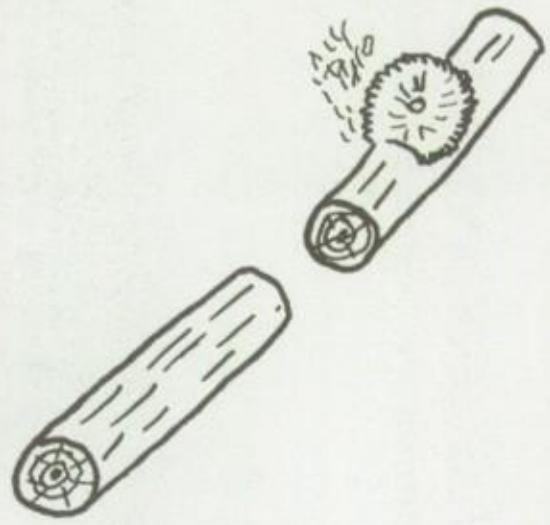

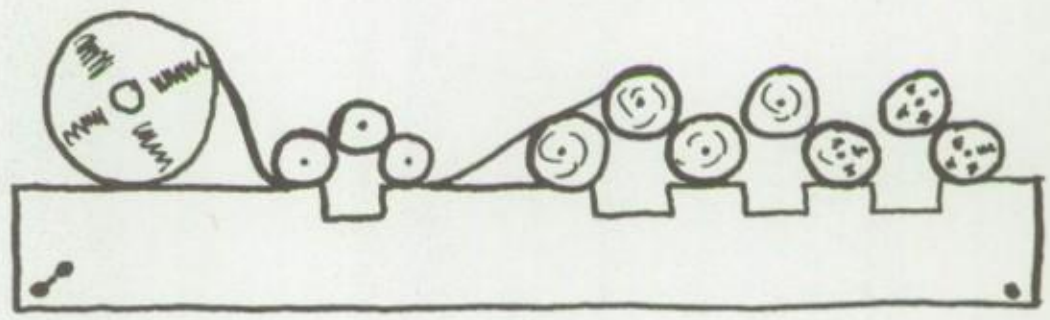

Compliments of

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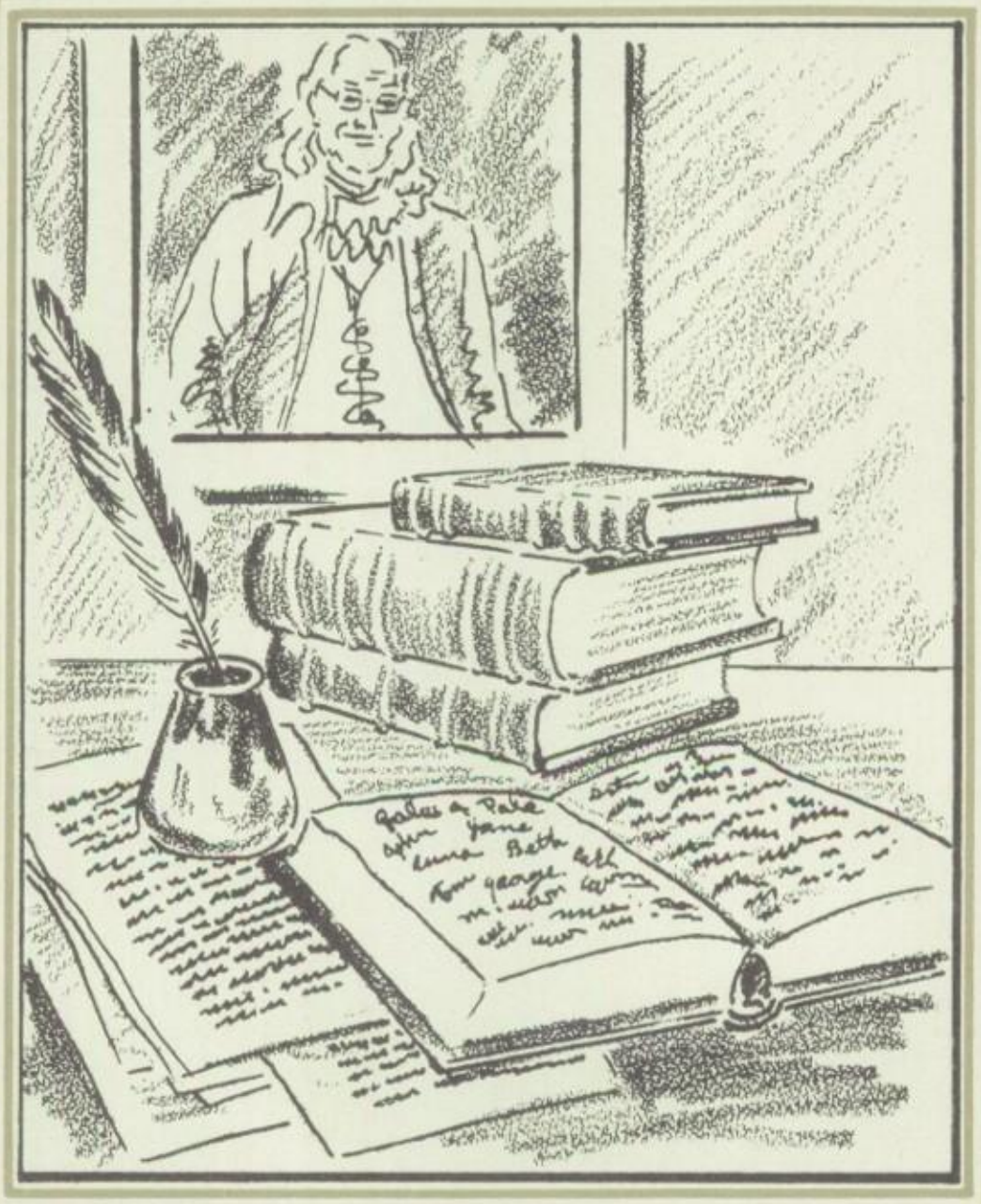

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